

UTAH

AND THE

PONY EXPRESS

CENTENNIAL

EDITION



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KATE B. CARTER

Daughters of Utah Pioneers

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Utah *and the* *Pony Express*

by
KATE B. CARTER

UTAH PONY EXPRESS CENTENNIAL COMMISSION

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FOREWORD

"In order to recognize the important contribution to the heritage of the state of Utah played by the pony express, there is created the Utah pony express centennial commission . . . The commission shall organize and direct such sub-committees as it shall consider necessary to provide for a centennial observance in Utah and to coordinate with other states for this purpose. The commission may take such action as it shall consider necessary to promote the observance of a pony express centennial in Utah. . ."

With these words the Thirty-Third Legislature on March 12, 1959, created this commission and outlined its area of responsibility.

This booklet has been prepared as one method to preserve and perpetuate that great and gallant story of pioneer transportation and communication in the American West—the Pony Express.

UTAH PONY EXPRESS CENTENNIAL COMMISSION

David R. Trevithick
Chairman

THE DEATH OF THE PONY EXPRESS

On June 16, 1860 Congress approved a ten-year subsidy of \$40,000 to the company who should first consummate a telegraph line across this section of the United States. It was specified that the line should connect some point in Missouri with San Francisco, California and that the government should have priority and limited free use of its facilities. The company was to be given permission during the life of the contract to utilize public domain as a right-of-way, and to establish repair stations at specified intervals. Construction began at Omaha, Nebraska at one end of the line and California on the other. However, the time was considerably shortened when the Pacific Telegraph completed 1100 miles, reaching its terminal October 17, 1861, and the California company completed 450 miles, reaching its terminal October 24th, when the lines were fused into one complete cross continent circuit at Salt Lake City.

Brigham Young supplied poles for approximately 750 miles of the eastern section and Little & Decker supplied the poles westward to Ruby Valley. From the west the telegraph line followed approximately the route taken by the Pony Express riders. As early as September 11th poles began to appear on Main Street in Salt Lake City and, on October 17th, the circuits were closed over the line to the east. On the following day President Young flashed eastward the word that "Utah had not seceded, but is firm for the constitution and laws of our once happy country." Elias Smith's journal entry of October 24th reads: "In the evening shortly before 7 o'clock the western portion of the Pacific Telegraph, having been completed, a message was sent over it to Hon. H. W. Carpenter, president of the company in San Francisco by President Brigham Young which was replied to soon after. President Young's message was dated 6:30 p.m. and the reply 6 p.m."

Unlike the Pony Express the telegraph possessed elements of perpetuity and performed a genuine service in breaking down the geographical isolation of Utah. With its inception there was no further need for a Pony Express.



Utah and the Pony Express

"I do hereby swear, before the great and Living God, that during my engagement, and while I am an employee of Russell, Majors & Waddell, I will, under no circumstances, use profane language; that I will drink no intoxicating liquors; that I will not quarrel or fight with any other employee of the firm, and that in every respect I will conduct myself honestly, be faithful to my duties, and so direct all my acts as to win the confidence of my employers. So help me God."



ON September 7, 1850 Congress passed a bill admitting California to the Union, and two days later she became the thirty-first state, entered on the records as a "free" state. Utah's interest in California began on January 29, 1846 when the Mormon Battalion reached California and, again, in July, 1846 when Samuel Brannan and his Mormon company landed in San Francisco harbor on the ship *Brooklyn*. Many of the families of these first Californians were in Utah and the Mormons clamored for a mail route between the Pacific coast and Utah Territory. In 1849, came news of the gold discovery at Sutter's Mill and it is known that 80,000 people made their way to California. By 1860 the population was said to be nearly half a million, many of whom were petitioning Congress for a mail route. The Postmaster-General reported in 1848, that three ocean steamers had sailed from New York carrying mail which would ultimately reach California; but steamer transportation was too slow for those who desired to com-

municate with their people in the eastern states. Men with capabilities began to visualize an overland mail which would be more satisfactory. The contractor in charge of the first Overland Mail was George Chorpenning, who, with Absalom Woodward, entered into a contract with the government to carry the mail between Sacramento and Salt Lake City by way of Carson Valley. These men erected crude stations along the route. It was often spoken of as the "jackass mail" because most of the mail was carried on mules. In November, 1851, four men left Sacramento with the mail. When they arrived at Willow Spring, a little over a hundred miles from Salt Lake Valley, Woodward met the mail carriers going to California. He warned them of the heavy snow he had encountered, as well as of a band of Indians he had met the day before. He then continued on to Salt Lake City but nothing further was heard of him until the following spring when his remains were found. The Indians had massacred the Woodward party. The dangers encountered by these mail carriers made it impossible for Chorpenning to hire men to take such risks; hence, late in 1852 he made the journey alone to Sacramento in order to save his contract for which so much had already been sacrificed. Chorpenning's second contract with the government was made in April, 1854; but this time the route was from Salt Lake City south through Utah county, on to Fillmore, Santa Clara, Las Vegas, Nevada, San Bernardino, and thence to San Diego, California. Chorpenning's bid was too low to meet the initial expense and Californians oftentimes accused the government of not wanting to improve mail conditions.

In 1858, a contract was given to reestablish the Central Overland route, this time between Placerville, California and Salt Lake City. Stages were ordered to replace the mule carriers. Chorpenning was again awarded the contract and this time small stations were built every twenty to forty miles. It is said that he also supervised the building of the new Concord coaches and wagons. The cost of equipping the line was \$300,000; the subsidy received was to be \$180,000 but it was cut to \$160,000. The service was reduced to semi-monthly trips and the pay was only \$80,000 per annum. Chorpenning ran his stages weekly, but after many months of struggle and financial losses, he was unable to carry on and the contract was annulled in 1860. He later brought suit against the government.

Although California was admitted as a free state, as news of an impending war between the north and south reached the people it was noted that a great many of its leading citizens leaned toward the South. Even the idea of a Pacific republic was spoken of. If a Civil War came the mail route would play an important part, for California's wealth would help the cause of the side which controlled the route. William M. Qwin was United States senator from California. He was a brilliant, though some say, unscrupulous leader. He served from 1850-55 and was re-elected in 1857. In the late

college graduate, but preferred prospecting and came west. It is said that on April 3, 1860, Jim left Carson City, Nevada or Placerville, California and carried the mail eastward to Friday's station. When any of the riders became ill substitute riders were immediately hired or volunteered to take their place.

William (Bill) Carr was another rider of the Pony Express hired by Russell, Majors & Waddell. It is not known which portion of the trail he covered or how long he carried the mail, but some reports indicate that he was the first victim of a legal hanging in Nevada Territory in the late 1860's, at Carson City, having been tried and convicted of the murder of Bernard Cherry at Smith's Creek.

William A. (Bill) Cates was born in Illinois and was a gold miner and herd boss. He was employed as a Pony Express rider in April, 1860 and rode until October of 1861. His run was from Cottonwood Springs to Horseshoe Station in Wyoming. He later moved to Denver and died some time after 1900.

James Cumbo, known to his friends as "Sawed-off Jim" was a stage driver for the Overland Mail before he was hired by Bolivar Roberts on the western division of the Pony Express. The Deseret News of June, 1902 mentions the name of James Cumbo as having a run-in with Indians in Egan Canyon at which time he nearly lost his life. Captain Thomas Dobson also mentions him as the rider who passed him going in the opposite direction and they were chased by Indians. Nothing is known of his later life or the time of his demise.

William Hamilton was hired by Bolivar Roberts to carry mail from the river boat at Sacramento for the first ride eastward. He is credited with carrying the first westbound mail to Sacramento, then sailed on a boat with his pony for the only mounted delivery of mail at San Francisco. After the Express was discontinued Mr. Hamilton entered the insurance business in California.

Mike Kelley, according to all available records, was not related to J. G. Kelley, another Pony Express rider. Mike was hired by Bolivar Roberts for service in the western division. After the Pony Express days came to a close he settled in Austin, Nevada where he is reported to have become successful in mining ventures.

Bartholomew Riles is listed as one of the riders on the western end of the trail and was probably hired by Bolivar Roberts. Research has failed to uncover any data concerning his early life. While carrying mail from Buckland's to Smith's Creek, "Bart" Riles was accidentally shot by a friend at Cold Springs, Nevada and died May 30, 1860.

in March of 1861, Pony Bob made this run from Smith's Creek to Fort Churchill, 180 miles, to carry a copy of Lincoln's Inaugural Speech to the waiting Territory. In order to speed the news, the Express Company pulled out all the stops at their command. Station keepers were alerted, ponies saddled in advance and led down the trail for miles to meet the incoming riders. They were determined to outdo all records. Haslam made the ride into the Fort in eight hours and ten minutes.

Robert Haslam outlived the Express by many years. He was born in England in 1840 and died in Chicago, Ill., at the age of 72. The Chicago Record Herald of March 1, 1913 carried the line of his obituary,

"He was one of the daring riders who carried the news of the election of Abraham Lincoln." Researched and written by Marion Welliver under the direction of Clara Beatty, Director Nevada Historical Society:

WARREN UPSON

Warren Upson was born about 1839, according to some records, and was the son of Lauren Upson, editor of the Sacramento Union. Not being "newspaper-minded" he preferred a life in the great outdoors, learning to love and to ride horses on the ranches of California. For a time he was interested in mining around Washoe, Nevada but this was short lived. During these years he became an excellent marksman, as well as horseman, and because of these qualifications was hired by Bolivar Roberts at Carson City as the rider who was to assume the responsibility of carrying the mail over the high Sierras—the toughest run on the entire route. The schedule was timed for daylight hours, but too often weather conditions made this an impossibility. It is said that Warren always selected a sure-footed animal, accustomed to mountain trails, who could keep going under any conditions, rather than a fleet pony unable to hold up under the strain. His run began at Sportsman Hall where he took the mochila carried to this point by *William Hamilton*; thence, to Strawberry, and through the deep snows of the mountain passes, often dismounting to lead his pony since familiar landmarks had been completely obliterated by its depth. When he arrived at Hope Valley he was given a change of horse and immediately proceeded to Woodbridge, then on to Genoa. From Genoa to Carson City was a distance of fourteen miles which he covered in record time. Only a seasoned mountaineer and horseman could have accomplished this perilous ride of eighty-five miles, but Mr. Roberts was confident that Warren Upson, called "Weatherproof" by his comrades, was the man who could bring the mail safely through.

OTHER WESTERN RIDERS

James Baughn was probably hired as a substitute rider for the Pony Express. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts. Mr. Baughn was a

autumn of 1854, he rode horseback from Sacramento by way of Salt Lake City and Fort Laramie to St. Joseph, Missouri. One of his traveling companions was Benjamin F. Ficklin, superintendent of the freighting firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell. The future possibilities of a more adequate overland mail were discussed as they rode along and it is claimed that during these conversations the idea of a Pony Express was born.

In 1855, Senator Qwin introduced a bill in Congress providing for a weekly mail express each way between St. Louis and San Francisco. A bounty of \$5,000 for a round trip completed in ten days was included but the bill was pigeon-holed. In March, 1857 Congress passed a bill which authorized an overland mail to California and provided \$300,000 for a semi-monthly service; \$450,000 for a weekly service or \$600,000 for a semi-weekly service. Four-horse coaches or light wagons which could carry both passengers and mail were to be the mode of transportation. The naming of the route was left with Postmaster General Aaron V. Brown, a native of Tennessee. Several bids were received, among them that of John Butterfield who received the contract and named St. Louis and Memphis as the points of departure; thence through Arkansas, Texas, Yuma, Arizona and on to San Francisco. The route was nearly three thousand miles long forming a sort of a semi-circle; therefore, for a time it was known as the Horse-Shoe or Ox-Bow Route. Service was to begin in September, 1858; time, twenty-five days each way. Severe criticism was given it, not because of the service, but the time consumed in delivering the mail.

MAIL — UTAH

The United States mail service was not extended to Salt Lake Valley until 1850. During the three previous years letters, newspapers and official government communications were delivered by private parties traveling east or west. Every incoming and outgoing company, every freight train covering the road, acted as mail carriers.

On Thursday, November 20, 1848, Allen Compton, Dr. Ezekiel Lee, James Casto and John Smith arrived in Salt Lake City from Winter Quarters with the mail consisting of 227 letters and many papers. This was the first official mail to arrive in the valley, but it was carried by the action of a Mormon Conference held October 6, 1848, at which time these men were called to carry the express to Great Salt Lake Valley. In 1849, the Postmaster-General established the first governmental post office in Salt Lake Valley and appointed Joseph L. Heywood as Postmaster.

The first U. S. contract to carry the mail from Independence, Missouri to Salt Lake City was awarded to Samuel H. Woodson. The monthly stage service began July 1, 1850 and the contractor was to receive \$19,500 per annum for four years. Woodson chose

Ephraim K. Hanks and Charles H. Decker to assist him. Feramor Little, later a mayor of Salt Lake City, received a sub-contract from Woodson in July of 1851, to handle the mail between Fort Laramie and Salt Lake City for \$8,000 per annum. During the four years the service was carried on between the Missouri River and Salt Lake City the delivery was quite satisfactory, although sometimes late and the mail damaged by inclement weather.

The government contract, which was renewed in 1854, was given to Wm. F. McGraw, with stipulations added that the mail was to be carried in four-horse coaches, which also were to carry passengers and to operate a monthly service for which he was to receive \$12,500 annually. Early in 1856, the Postmaster-General asked for bids as the McGraw contract had expired and Hyrum Kimball, a Mormon boy, received the contract having submitted the lowest bid. Mr. Kimball's contract arrived in Salt Lake City on March 24, 1857.

On March 30th President Young wrote Horace S. Eldredge as follows: "The mail will be carried in the name of Hyrum Kimball. This was considered the best course to secure the contract. He has filed his bonds and enclosed is a power-of-attorney from him to you, and a copy of the same which you will forward to the second assistant Postmaster-General when you apply for the first quarter on contract."

Previous to this time President Young had unfolded his plans to Feramor Little who was then at St. Louis, Missouri: "A contract for the carrying of the mail from the states to this place for four years has been offered to Hyrum Kimball for \$23,000 and a little over; he will not be able to start it this month and has transferred it subject to my orders and counsel. We shall send the February mail by William A. Hickman and others, and in all probability the March mail will go out by Porter Rockwell and others. I believe a sufficient number of men can be got to begin a carrying company for goods and passengers; mules, etc., are and will be forthcoming, and I would like you to join us.

"I have offered the merchants here again to carry all their freight at 12½¢ per lb. on their payment of all, or part, in advance; whether they will or not, I know not; if they do not but wish to bring only a part per month by our 'express train' then they will have to pay a higher rate of course. By having stations on the road and animals there, we can come through easily in twenty days, and from our own goods, those of other people, and passengers, we anticipate we shall be able to carry the mail without loss, or rather by this mode we think it can be made profitable."

After stating that the mail would be hauled at present and goods within a few months and eventually passengers the letter continues: "We will take a course to establish a few substantial stations where we shall deposit grain for supplies and for stock, cut hay, etc. Porter Rockwell will go to Laramie with the next mail and operate from that point to this end of the road."

ing Ormsby himself. The contemptuous riders from Virginia and Carson that managed to escape, hit for home leaving the Piute victor in the largest and most decisive battle to that time west of the Missouri River.

This was the situation on May 12, 1860, and it is generally accepted that this is also the day Bob Haslam started his return trip from Smith Creek. That the Indian parties were still bent on destruction was very clear as he rode into the first relay point, Cold Springs. The Station Master was dead and the horses scattered.

Haslam told it this way in his own words: "I decided in a moment what course to pursue—I would go on. I watered my horse, having ridden him thirty miles on time and he was pretty tired . . . and started for Sand Springs, thirty miles away."

Sand Springs was tended by one man when the rider arrived. It did not take much persuading to get him to saddle up and run for Carson Sink. Arriving at the Sink of the Carson, the men found the station well barricaded, war parties had been sighted in the vicinity and with the news of Ormsby's defeat, the tenders were expecting attack momentarily. Whipping up a fresh horse, Bob struck out for Buckland's. His safe arrival was certainly welcome, in fact the station master promptly added another \$50 to the original bonus.

On to Carson City, Haslam found this town in hysteria. Fearful of raids and chagrined by the defeat of Ormsby they were frantically sending out calls to neighboring California and the United States troops stationed there, for men and supplies to ward off what they were sure was immediate Indian attack. Friday's Station probably never looked so peaceful to any rider as it did to Pony Bob Haslam as he rode in—380 miles of death and desert to the home station.

By May 26, 1860, the great Indian victory was doomed. The whites went prepared for the second encounter. Volunteer parties were lead this time by Col. John Hayes and backed up by Capt. Joseph Stewart of the United States Army. Piutes on the warpath almost succeeded in accomplishing what rough trails and heavy weather could not, it had stopped the Pony Express and rebuilding would cost the organization \$75,000. Yet, the Indians, who had camped at Pyramid Lake to air their grievances, had no direct interest in the lone riders racing across their lands.

When the long wire of the trans-continental telegraph slowed the Pony, as the gaps in its system closed, Bob Haslam was given the honor of more famous rides. He was chosen to carry two messages of great importance to the growing west. The United States was on the brink of civil war, Lincoln's election was the news most eagerly awaited. The remaining break in the wire system to California was between Fort Kearney and Fort Churchill in Nevada Territory.

The news of the November 7, 1860 election was sped by the flying hoofs of the mount across this gap in the desert to Fort Churchill with Haslam shouting, "Lincoln is elected! Lincoln's elected!" Again

were rapidly destroying their food, the pine nut, and more recently, raped and held captive two of their women at William's Station. War was inevitable although Numaga (Young Winnemucca) pled for peace.

William's Station on the Overland route, had been named as a stop on the Pony run. Perhaps because of the nearness to the council at Pyramid, but more likely because of a desire to avenge the women so lately molested, a few Braves left the encampment and rode to William's. This action was not aimed at the Express company itself but its outcome hit it squarely.

The Braves found Oscar and David Williams working at the station along with three other men. They were killed at once and the buildings burned. War was declared without the tribal council's knowledge. It is doubtful Pony Bob Haslam knew of the burning and killings at William's when he left Friday's on Lake Tahoe, California, for his run into Nevada. It is a certainty he did not know he had begun the longest ride—380 miles—in Pony history. (Haslam's version of this first ride east after the massacre at William's differs with established history. He says of his ordeal, "about eight months after the Pony Express was established." This is an error, as the initial run was made April 3, 1860, and William's Station was destroyed on May 7, 1860.)

The first inklings of trouble for the rider came when he dropped down out of the Sierra into Carson City. There were no horses for the change. Volunteers from Carson and Virginia had taken them to chase the Indians and avenge William's Station. With the cry, "an Indian for breakfast and a pony to ride," they had yet to meet the Piutes at Pyramid Lake. Stops along the Carson River were bare of horses and the last fifteen miles from Reed's to Buckland's was an unending ride for the tired rider and a jaded horse.

Whether it was actually the case of a sick relief rider, or just fear of the marauding Piutes, there was no one at Buckland's waiting to catch the mochila when Haslam arrived. The station master was quick to offer a bonus of \$50 to Bob to continue on to Smith Creek. Another 100 miles, a new ride, Sink of the Carson, Sand Springs, Cold Springs to Smith Creek, and no one knew if Indians prowled between. Pony Bob made the run without sighting a Piute. Except for the Braves riding and burning on their own, the main party was still encamped at Pyramid Lake. The west bound mail was nine hours late coming into Smith Creek, giving Haslam a much earned rest.

Historians say the return trip was begun the day Ormsby and his volunteers ran head on into the Piutes on the banks of the Truckee River, at the site of the present Indian Reservation, at Nixon. The under estimation of the enemy and contempt for Indian fighters was changed in a matter of hours. The whites had been lured into fighting at the time and place of the enemy's choosing. The result was a rout, the volunteers broke and ran. The dead numbered 46 includ-

Mr. Little was then authorized to go East for the purpose of purchasing harnesses and carriages. Three days later a mass meeting was held in the old Tabernacle, the result of which was the forming of a company of shareholders to be called the B. Y. Express & Carrying Company. Clearly the Express and Carrying Company would constitute the biggest achievement of the Mormon people in many years—if it went successfully.

On May 28, 1857 General Winfield Scott issued an order requesting 2500 United States troops, then stationed at Fort Leavenworth, to march to Utah. Feramorz Little learned of the movements and hastened to Salt Lake City to present the information to Brigham Young. Then came the cancellation of the Kimball contract in June which was followed by the approach of Johnston's Army. It will be noted here that Russell, Majors & Waddell had contracts with the government to freight the army supplies.

Thus all communication was cut off for a time. Resumption of the service came late in 1857, when S. B. Miles was awarded the contract to carry the mail from Missouri to Salt Lake—said mail to be carried in coaches in the summer and on pack horses in the winter. His price was \$32,000 per year. In the spring of 1858, the Miles contract was annulled and Hockaday & Company signed one for a weekly service on a twenty-two day schedule for \$190,000.

On May 11, 1859 Russell, Majors & Waddell purchased from James Hockaday & Company the mail stage obligations. The contract remained as before, \$190,000 per annum, and provided for a weekly service. This firm, previously confined to freighting activities, was desirous of securing control of the entire mail business between the Missouri River and the Pacific coast, hoping that the expanding business would justify a bi-weekly or even daily service with increased subsidies; but they were doomed to disappointment when they received word that Postmaster-General Holt had decided on a semi-monthly basis. Russell, Majors & Waddell were compelled to run stages weekly because of passenger service. They had to provide food for the drivers, haul in feed for the animals, and see that the stations were kept in repairs and adequately manned.

NAPOLEONS OF THE CENTRAL ROUTE

Russell, Majors & Waddell, Napoleons of the freighting business in western United States, left to posterity one of the most notable ventures in pioneering—the Pony Express. Three different types of men formed the partnership, yet each played an important part in building a successful business. Unwise speculation and wishful thinking caused its downfall; yet it presents a story of courage that leaves an indelible imprint upon the pages of frontier history.



William H. Russell

tween Washington, D.C. and New York raising money to carry on his many business enterprises.

Alexander Majors was born in or near Franklin County, Kentucky October 3, 1814. When he was four years of age his mother moved the family to Jackson County, Missouri. After his marriage to Catherine Stalcup he took up farming. The revenue from his farm, being inadequate for his growing family, in 1846 he began his freighting activities. He loaded a wagon with merchandise and went to the Pottawattamie Indian reservation to either sell or trade his goods. From *Seventy Years on the Frontier* we quote:

"As I was brought up to handle animals and had been employed more or less in the teaming business, after looking the situation over, it occurred to me there was nothing I was so well adapted for by past experience as the freighting business that was then being conducted between Independence, Missouri and Santa Fe, New Mexico, a distance of eight hundred miles. At that time almost the entire distance lay through Indian Territory where we were likely, on a greater portion of the trail, to meet hostile Indians any moment. Being a religious man and opposed to all kinds of profanity, and knowing the practice of teamsters, almost without exception, was to use profane and vulgar language and to travel on the Sabbath day,

William Hepburn Russell was born January 21, 1812 in Burlington, Vermont. Later his family moved to Missouri where, at Lexington, he opened a mercantile establishment and became active in other civic ventures. He was a highly temperamental man, possessed of a daring nature, a keen mind, a vivid imagination and a great ambition. He had an unwavering confidence in his ability which oftentimes led him into unwise decisions. Mr. Russell was well known among the great political leaders of his time and a familiar figure in Washington. He made his home in the East where he traveled extensively be-

Howard Egan as a rider for the Pony Express. He rode from the time of its inception until the first part of 1861, first on the western route through Nevada and then from Fort Kearney on the Platte River to Cottonwood Springs—a distance of 110 miles. It was while riding the latter route that he carried the news of Abraham Lincoln's election.

In the spring of 1860, while riding on the western route through Egan Canyon, he was pursued by Indians for twenty miles and had it not been for the fleetness of his horse he would undoubtedly have met death at their hands. When he arrived at the station the horse dropped dead before it could be unbridled. Mounting a fresh horse he started westward to meet the rider from the opposite direction. Upon approaching, he saw the young man was badly frightened and soon learned that he, also, had been pursued and shot at by Indians—the evidence being a hole through his hat. After trying to encourage one another, they exchanged mail and started on their separate routes, neither of them encountering an Indian on the return ride.

After these "Pony" days were over Joseph returned to St. Louis and brought his parents to Utah in 1862, this making the fifth time he had crossed the plains. In September of that year he married Sarah Jane Evans at West Weber. She was accidentally drowned two months later in the Weber River. On April 3, 1863 he married Mary M. Wilson. At the time of his second marriage he was living on a twenty acre farm in West Weber. In a few years the family moved to Hooper, later to Birch Creek, thence to Wilson and in 1902 to Ogden. He was a butcher by trade, as well as a farmer, having owned a shop for many years in Hooper and later in Ogden. The first suit of clothes Joseph had after coming to the Valley was made by his second wife, Mary. He clipped the wool, she washed and carded it, then spun it into yarn. This was taken to a weaver and made into cloth from which the suit was fashioned. Having no dye, the cloth was a gray mixture, called sheep's gray. Mr. Wintle had a fine tenor voice and directed a choir in Wilson Ward. He died January 1, 1916 in Ogden.

—Mary H. Gardner

IN NEVADA—"PONY BOB"

Nevada must claim the honor of the toughest trail of the Pony Express run. Through a maze of desert and dry water holes that had confounded the slow wagon trains, it was expected to run with speed and surety. The route map looked good on paper, at the planning. It had made allowances for rough terrain, but it had neglected one great hazard, the one that stopped the Pony cold for ten days and almost put it out of business altogether—Indians on the warpath.

The April of the Pony's beginning had barely turned to May in 1860, when the Piutes decided they had had enough of the white man's ways. They gathered at Pyramid Lake to growl their grievances in Pow-wow. They reasoned, the land was theirs, the whites

five to fifty dollars a yoke. That summer the gold mines were opened in Montana, and everything had to be hauled with oxtteams, and the same oxen we had bought for eighteen dollars were worth from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a yoke. The poor people who had been living on greens and lumpy-dick for two or three years, now began to get very wealthy and proud. The young ladies began to wear calico dresses, and I even saw young men who could afford to wear calico shirts and soldier's blue overcoats and smoke store tobacco. A few even got so wealthy that they apostatized."

With the passing of the Pony Express, Mr. Wilson was hired to carry mail from Salt Lake City to Montana. Matilda Patton became his wife in 1865 and they moved to Oxford, Idaho; thence to Bloomington, Idaho where he operated a mercantile store, blacksmith shop, sawmill and was the owner of a ranch. His dealings with the Indians made him extremely valuable as a peacemaker between the white man and the red man.

In 1888, Elijah moved his family to Jackson Hole, driving the first wagon over Teton Pass. Here tragedy struck when six of their ten children died of diphtheria. During the epidemic Mr. Wilson served as doctor and nurse. Three of his own children were buried before he received word of their death. In 1893, he was made bishop of that community and also operated the first store, hotel and Postoffice. Chief Washakie visited his home many times as it was in the wigwam of this great chieftain's mother that Elijah lived during his sojourn among the Indians. In later years he married Sina Jensen and Lottie Nethercroft. His eventful life came to a close December 26, 1915 and interment was in the Jackson Hole cemetery.

JOSEPH BARNEY WINTLE

Joseph Barney Wintle was born February 29, 1840 in Yarmouth, Norfolk, England, the son of George and Elizabeth Sewell Wintle. His father was a marine and his grandfather a ship carpenter, thus the boy early learned to love the sea. During his infancy his parents became converts of the Latter-day Saint Church and at the age of eight years Joseph was baptized. Shortly after the family moved to London and from Liverpool emigrated to the United States.

At sixteen Joseph started his first journey across the plains to Utah having been hired out by his grandfather to drive an oxteam for a Mormon family. The company arrived in the valley in 1857, and since most of these people proceeded to the northern part of the state, Joseph was left without friends in Salt Lake City. For a time he worked at odd jobs for Brigham Young and others and then returned to St. Louis, Missouri. In 1859, he again crossed the plains driving a team in the *James S. Brown company*.

Being a young man of slight built, yet strong and wiry, and accustomed to the handling of horses, Joseph was hired by Major



Alexander Majors

another difficulty presented itself to my mind which had to be overcome.

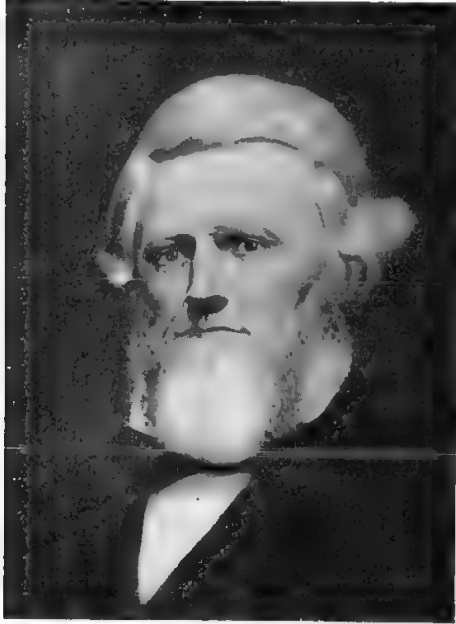
"After due reflection on this subject I resolved in my innermost nature, by the help of God, I would overcome all difficulties that presented themselves to my mind, let the hazard be whatever it might. This resolve I carried out and it was the keynote to my great success in the management of men and animals. Having reached this determination and being ready to embark in my new business, I formulated a code of rules for the behavior of my employees which read as follows:

"While I am in the employ of A. Majors, I agree not to use profane language, not to get drunk, not to gamble, not to treat animals cruelly, and not to do anything else that is incompatible with the conduct of a gentleman. And I agree if I violate any of the above conditions, to accept my discharge without any pay for my services."

"I do not remember a single instance of a man signing these 'Iron-Clad' rules, as they called them, being discharged without his pay. My employees seemed to understand in the beginning of their term of service that their good behavior was part of the recompense they gave me for the money I paid them."

In 1848, Mr. Majors received a contract to carry cargo into Santa Fe. He states that by 1850 his business had grown to such an extent that he now owned ten wagons and one hundred and thirty oxen, and, for the year 1850, his earnings were some \$13,000. During the year 1853 he was engaged in freighting for the government, having received a contract for transporting supplies. It was not until 1855, that Majors joined with Russell, at which time a government contract was signed, giving these men the sole right to transport all military supplies west of the Missouri River. Later advertisements announced the opening of their office, warehouses, stores, blacksmith shop, etc.

William Bradford Waddell, the third member of the firm, was born October 17, 1807 in Fauquier County, Virginia. When he was



William B. Waddell

eight years of age his family moved to Kentucky, where he grew to young manhood. He married Susan Byram and shortly after they too moved to Lexington, Missouri. Mr. Waddell was of a quiet, stolid temperament, the exact opposite of Mr. Russell, but sometimes his rather stubborn nature was overcome by the persuasiveness of the former even against his better judgment. While these three men had been associated in the freighting business, it was not until 1858 that Mr. Waddell's name was added to the firm.

On February 25, 1857, the firm of Russell & Majors renewed their contracts with the government for the transportation of military supplies to the west and southwest. Later that same year an order came saying they would be required to carry vast amounts of supplies to Utah. They were told that on May 28th, 2500 men of the Fifth and Tenth Infantry and the Second Dragoons, together with a battery of the Fourth Artillery had been ordered to assemble at Fort Leavenworth and proceed to Utah where trouble between her citizens and government officials was said to have occurred. The freighting firm was not released from its other obligations, and Russell's first reply was that their trains were already on the road, but the War Department had only the firm of Russell & Majors to perform this task; hence an early agreement was reached for them to take over the job. This called for the immediate purchasing of additional wagons and oxen, the hiring of more men and the buying of 2000 head of cattle.

When word was received in Salt Lake City that the United States Army was on its way to the Valley, Brigham Young, then Territorial Governor, declared martial law and forbade the U. S. troops to enter. He ordered General Daniel H. Wells, head of the Territorial Militia, to destroy the trains, stampede the animals, burn vegetation and in general hinder the entrance of the troops. The members of the Militia accordingly set out to obey orders, and, in early October, destroyed

were not so bad, however, for I had no mountains to cross, the weather in winter was mild, and the Indians were a little more friendly here. East of my beat, along Egan Canyon, Shell Creek and Deep Creek the Indians had begun to be very saucy, and they had threatened to burn the stations and kill the people, and in the following spring they did break out in earnest, burned some of the stations and killed one of the riders. That same spring I was changed back into Major Egan's division and rode from Shell Creek to Ruby Valley.

"That summer the Indians got very bad. They burned several stations, killed the hostlers, and also a few riders. I was very badly wounded. I had been taking some horses to Antelope station and on my way back I made a stop at Spring Valley station. When I got there the two boys that looked after the horses at the station were out on the woodpile playing cards, and they wanted me to stay with them and have dinner. I got off my horse and started him towards the stable, but instead of going to the stable he went behind it where some other horses were grazing. Pretty soon we saw the horses going across the meadow toward the cedars with two Indians on foot behind them. We started after them full tilt and gained on them a little, and as we ran I fired three shots at them from my revolver, but they were too far off for me to hit them. They reached the cedars a little before we did. I was ahead of the other two boys and as I ran around a large cedar, one of the Indians who had hidden behind the tree shot me in the head with a flint spiked arrow. The arrow struck my head about two inches above the left eye. The other boys were on the other side of the tree, and seeing the Indian run, came around to find out where I was and found me lying on the ground with the arrow sticking in my head. They tried to pull the arrow out, but the shaft came away and left the flint spike in my head. Thinking that I would surely die, they rolled me under a tree and started for the next station as fast as they could go. There they got a few men and came back the next morning to bury me, but when they got to me and found I was still alive they thought they would not bury me just then. They carried me to a station that was called Cedar Wells, and from there sent to Ruby Station for a doctor. When he came, he took the spike out of my head and told the boys to keep a wet rag on the wound and that was all they could do for me. I lay there for six days when Major Egan happened to come along, and seeing that I was still alive, sent for the doctor again, and when the doctor came and saw I was no worse he started to do something for me. I lay for eighteen days unconscious, then I began to get better fast, and it was but a little while until I was riding again.

"The spring of the great war between the North and the South broke out and General Johnston sold all of the government cattle and wagons very cheap and went back east with his pack mules. I bought a yoke of oxen for eighteen dollars and a new wagon for ten. There must have been as many as ten thousand oxen bought at about twenty-

came up. When we got out there he had us lie down about four or five feet apart. 'Now,' he said, 'when you fire, jump out to one side, so if they shoot at the blaze of your gun, you will not be there.' We all took our places, and you bet, I lay close to the ground. Pretty soon we could hear their horses' feet striking the ground, and it seemed to me as if there were thousands of them; and such yells as they let out, I never heard before. The sounds were coming straight towards us, and I thought they were going to run right over us. It was sandy where we lay, with little humps. Finally the Indians got close enough for us to shoot. Pete shot and jumped to one side. I had two pistols, one in each hand, cocked all ready to pull the trigger, and was crawling on my elbows and knees. Each time he would shoot, I saw him jump. Soon they were all shooting, and each time they shot, I would jump. I never shot at all. After I had jumped a good many times, I happened to land in a little wash or ravine. I guess my back came pretty nearly level with the top of it. Anyhow, I pressed myself down so I could get in. I don't know how I felt, I was so scared. I lay there and listened until I could hear no more shooting, but I thought I could hear the horses' hoofs beating on the hard ground near me until I found out it was only my heart beating. After a while, I raised my head a little and looked off towards the desert, and I could see those humps of sand covered with grease-woods. They looked exactly like Indians on horses, and I could see several of them near the wash.

"I crouched down again and lay there for a long time, maybe two hours. Finally everything was very still, so I thought I would go around and see if my horse was where I had staked him, and if he was, I would go back to my station in Deep Creek and tell them that the boys were all killed and I was the only one that had got away. Well, as I went crawling around the house on my elbows and knees, just as easily as I could, with both pistols ready, I saw a light shining between the logs in the back part of the house. I thought the house must be full of Indians, so I decided to lie there awhile and see what they were doing. I lay there for some time listening and watching and then I heard one of the men speak. 'Did you find anything of him?' Another answered, 'No, I guess he is gone.' Then I knew it was the boys, but I lay there until I heard the door shut, then I slipped up and peeped through the crack and saw that all three of them were there all right. I was too much ashamed to go in but finally I went around and opened the door. When I stepped in Pete called out, 'Hello! Here he is. How far did you chase them? I knew you would stay with them. I told the fellows here that you would bring back at least half a dozen of them.' I think they killed five Indians that night.

"I was sent further west, about three hundred miles, to ride from the Carson Sink to Fort Churchill. The distance was about seventy-five miles and was a very hard ride for the horses as well as for me because much of the distance was through deep sand. Some things

three of the freight trains consisting of 75 wagons, together with provisions, rounded up their cattle and drove them off. Colonel Alexander ordered an advance to Salt Lake City by way of Soda Springs north of Salt Lake Valley. On October 12th they began the march with six of Russell & Majors' trains. They marched sixty miles and then had to retrace their steps by orders of their superiors.

In the meantime Porter Rockwell and part of the militia had driven away another nine hundred oxen and mules. The army was now stationed at Camp Scott near Fort Bridger. It was in November that Colonel Albert Sydney Johnston arrived at their headquarters. Again, the great freighting firm carried new army supplies. It was a bitterly cold winter and many of their oxen died of exposure causing Russell & Majors to suffer additional financial losses. They turned their bills-of-lading into the office where a summarized statement of their losses was sent to Washington and later presented to Congress as follows:

Wagons destroyed en route and left at Camp Scott for want of oxen to draw them.....	\$ 48,260.00
1906 oxen	84,245.50
Outfits for eleven trains.....	25,696.00
Additional costs for agents, wagon masters, teamsters, etc., during winter of 1857-58.....	35,167.15
Three burned trains.....	72,000.00
Difference between 1857 contract price and cost of transportation of 2,264,013 lbs. supplies to Utah	174,741.80
The same to Fort Laramie.....	48,679.95
The same to Fort Kearney.....	3,762.61
	<hr/>
	\$493,553.01

When Johnston's army was ordered to leave Camp Floyd, the remaining empty supply wagons of Majors & Russell were taken to Salt Lake City where they covered many acres of ground in the suburbs. Here they remained for over a year when one of the agents of the firm sold them to the Mormons for \$10.00 each. The manufacturer's cost was \$150 to \$175 per wagon. The salvaged iron from the wagons and other implements was used by the Mormons in the manufacture of nails. The oxen were sent to Skull Valley and other adjacent places where there was good winter feed. While they were still at Camp Floyd, the firm selected 500 head of the most suitable stock, which were to be taken to California in the spring and sold on the market for beef cattle. The route chosen was through Ruby Valley where the cattle were to graze during the winter. The herders arrived with the cattle in late November. Not long after severe snowstorms came and within a few weeks the ground was covered with heaps of frozen or starved animals. Only two hundred

survived. Previous to this time, the firm had sustained another complete loss when Indians attacked herders in charge of approximately 1000 head of cattle near the Platte River, killing them and scattering the cattle.

The Deseret News of 1860 carried this advertisement:

CATTLE AND WAGONS FOR SALE

Seventeen hundred head of cattle for sale, twelve hundred head run on Chicken Creek, and the remainder in Ruby Valley. Also several hundred wagons. For particulars apply to my office at Camp Floyd.

J. Hobbs, Agent for
Russell, Majors & Waddell

THE PIKE'S PEAK VENTURE

Concerning the first stage line into Denver, Alexander Majors said: "In the winter of 1858, while my partner W. H. Russell, John S. Jones, a citizen of Pettis County, Missouri and myself were all in Washington, D.C., which was about the time the Pike's Peak excitement was at its highest pitch, Messrs. Jones and Russell conceived the idea to put a line of daily coaches in operation between the Missouri River and Denver City when Denver was but a few months old. They came to me with the proposition to take hold of the enterprise with them. I told them I could not consent to do so at such an early period in the development of this country and urged them to leave the enterprise alone. They paid no attention to my protest and went forward with their plans, bought 1,000 fine Kentucky mules and a sufficient number of Concord coaches to supply a daily coach each way between the Missouri River and Denver. At that time Leavenworth was the starting point on the Missouri but a few months afterwards they made Atchison the eastern terminus of the line and Denver the western.

"They bought their mules and coaches on credit, giving their notes payable in ninety days; sent men out to establish a station every ten or fifteen miles from Leavenworth due west, going up the Smoky Hill fork of the Kansas River, through the Territory of Kansas, and direct to Denver. The line was organized, stations built and put in running shape in remarkably quick time. They made their daily trips in six days traveling about one hundred miles every twenty-four hours. The first stage ran into Denver May 17, 1859. It was looked upon as a great success so far as putting the enterprise into shape was concerned, but when ninety days expired the notes fell due and they were unable to meet them. And in spite of my protests in the commencement of the organization as against having anything to do with it, it became necessary for Russell, Majors & Waddell to meet the obligation that Jones & Russell had entered into

forty dollars more to come out of our wages. Everything went along first rate for a while, but after six or eight months of that kind of work the big, fine horses began to play out, the company sent to California and bought up all of the wild horses they could get, brought them in, strung them along the road, and put the best riders to breaking them. Peter Neece, our home station keeper, was a big strong man and a good rider. He was put to breaking some of these wild mustangs for the boys on his beat. After these wild horses had been ridden two or three times, they were put on the regular line for the express boys to ride. Generally, just as soon as the hostler could lead them in and out of the stable without getting his head knocked off, they were considered tame, and very likely they had just been handled enough to make them mean.

"My home station was at Shell Creek. I rode from Shell Creek to Deep Creek, and one day the Indians killed the rider out on the desert, and when I was to meet him at Deep Creek, he was not there. I went to the next station, Willow Creek, the first station over the mountain, and there I found out that he had been killed. My horse was about jaded by this time, so I had to stay there to let him rest. I would have had to start back in the night as soon as the horse got so he could travel, if those Indians had not come upon us. About four o'clock in the afternoon, seven Indians rode up to the station and asked for something to eat. Peter Neece picked up a sack with about twenty pounds of flour in it and offered it to them, but they would not have that little bit, they wanted a sack of flour apiece. Then he threw it back into the house and told them to get out, and that he wouldn't give them a thing. This made them pretty mad, and as they passed a shed about four or five rods from the house, they each shot an arrow into a poor, old lame cow, that was standing under a shed. When Neece saw them do that, it made him mad, too, and he jerked out a couple of pistols and commenced shooting at them. He killed two of the Indians and they fell off their horses right there. The others ran. He said, 'Now boys, we will have a time of it tonight. There are about thirty of those Indians camped in the canyon there and they will be upon us as soon as it gets dark, and we will have a fight.' A man by the name of Lynch happened to be there at the time. He had bragged a good deal about what he would do and we looked upon him as a sort of desperado and a very brave man. I felt pretty safe until he weakened and commenced to cry, then I wanted all of us to get on our horses and skip for the next station; but Pete said, 'No. We will load up all the old guns that are around here and be ready for them when they come. There are four of us and we can stand off the whole bunch of them.' Well, just a little before dark, we could see a big dust over toward the mouth of the canyon, and we knew they were coming. It was about six miles from the canyon to the station.

"Pete thought it would be a good thing to go out a hundred yards or so and lie down in the brush and surprise them as they

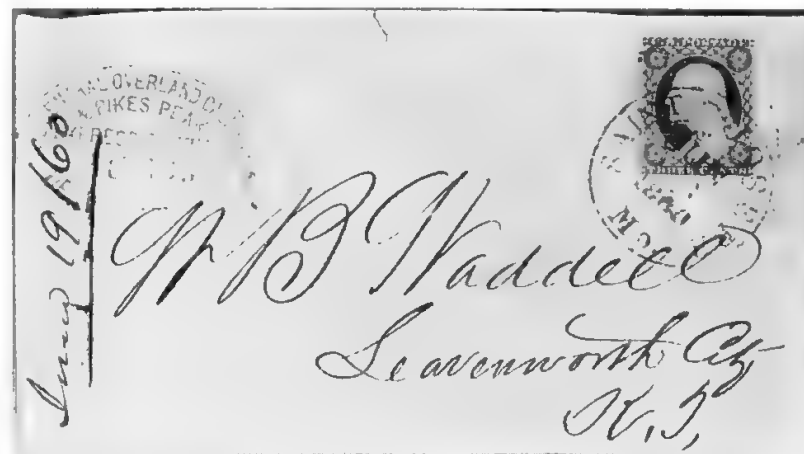
"About the time I was thinking of starting to rejoin my Indian friends, the word came that the Pony Express was going to start, and Mr. Faust induced me to stay and be one of the pony riders. I sold my roan pony to a sergeant in Camp Floyd for seventy-five dollars, and I sold the little black mare for one hundred dollars. I took part of the money to mother and bought some clothes with the rest. A great pow-wow was going on about the Pony Express coming through the country. They had started to build roads and stations. These stations had to be built every ten miles apart and as near to water as possible. Well, the time came for the express horses to be strung along the line and the riders were sent to their stations. Mr. Faust and Mr. Howard Egan went my bonds, and I was sent out west into Nevada to a station kept by a man named *William Smith*, and Smith had a hostler whose name was *Samuel Lee*. When we were hired to ride the express we had to go before a Justice of the Peace and swear that we would at all times be at our post, and not at any time be over one hundred yards from the station, except when we were carrying the mail. When we started out we were never to turn back, no matter what happened, until the mail was delivered at the next home station. We had to be ready to start back at a half-minutes' notice, let it be day or night, rain or shine, Indians or no Indians.

"Our saddles, which were furnished by the company, had nothing to them but the bare tree, stirrups and cinch. Two large pieces of sole leather about sixteen inches wide by twenty-four inches long were laced together with a strong leather string and thrown over the saddle. Fastened to these were four pockets, two in front and two behind on either side of the saddle. The two rear ones were the largest. The one in front on the left side was called the 'way pocket.' All of these pockets were locked with small padlocks and each home station keeper had a key to the way pocket. When the express arrived at the home station, the keeper would unlock the way pocket, and if there were any letters for the boys between the home stations, the rider would distribute them as he went along, and there was also a card in the way pocket that the station keeper would take out and put down on it the time the express got to this station and when it went out. He would tell the rider what time he would have to make up on his run, if the express was behind time.

"The time came that we had to start. The express would leave St. Joseph, Missouri, and Sacramento, California, at the same time every day. The home stations were from forty to sixty miles apart, and one man's ride was from one home station to another. Between the home stations were other stations where horses could be changed. Not many riders could stand the long, fast riding at first, but after they had ridden for about two weeks they would be all right. At first the rider would be charged up with the saddle he was riding and the first wages were kept back for it, and if we had no revolver and had to get one from the company, that would be

in organizing and putting the stock on the line. To save our partner we had to pay the debts of the concern and take mules and coaches, etc., in other words all the paraphernalia of the line to secure us for the money we had advanced.

"The institution then having become the property of Russell, Majors & Waddell, we continued to run it daily. A few months after we bought out the semi-monthly line of Hockaday & Liggett, that was running from St. Joseph, Missouri to Salt Lake City, thinking that by blending the two lines we might bring the business up to where it would pay expenses, if nothing more. This we failed in, for the lines, even after being merged, did not nearly meet expenses. Messrs. Hockaday & Liggett had a few stages, light, cheap vehicles, and but a few mules and no stations along the route.



Courtesy — Utah State Historical Society

They traveled the same team several hundred miles before changing, stopping every few hours and turning them loose to graze and then going on again. As soon as we bought them we built good stations and stables every ten or fifteen miles all the way from Missouri to Salt Lake . . . Instead of our schedule time being twenty-two days, as it was with Hockaday & Liggett, and running two per month, we ran a stage coach each way every day and made the schedule time ten days, a distance of 1,200 miles. We continued running this line from the summer of 1859 until March, 1862 when it fell into the hands of Ben Holladay . . ."

THE PONY EXPRESS

The question of transportation between the East and the West was constantly before Congress. By the close of 1859 there were at least six different mail routes leading to the Pacific coast, but

the matter of transportation was by no means settled. These mail routes were costing the government \$2,184,696 annually and returning \$339,747.34. Of these lines the New York to San Francisco, via the Isthmus of Panama, was the most expensive but withal the most dependable. This service cost \$738,250 annually and brought in \$229,879.69. The steamer schedule was four weeks either way so that the news always grew old en route.

While Butterfield was known as the Napoleon of the Southern Route, Russell, Majors & Waddell were establishing new stations between St. Joseph and Salt Lake City. They had to be put in charge of experienced men with stock tenders and other employees and supplies had to be hauled at great expense. Russell, the business manager of the firm, influenced by Senator Qwin, who was a member of the committee on roads and postoffices, probably was offered pledges of support if his firm would develop a swift mail service between the Missouri River and California. It will be noted that Mr. Russell, having called a meeting with Majors & Waddell at Leavenworth, Kansas, used every argument to convert his partners that the plan was feasible. Majors called attention to the vast outlay of money, hostile Indians, cold weather and the terrific heat of the desert. Waddell also opposed it knowing that it would be a financial failure; but again Russell won out, and the date of starting was set three months later, April 3, 1860. The very life of the company depended upon the success of this venture, which was perhaps one of the greatest gambles ever undertaken by man. Major in his own book tells the following:

"Having decided to establish the Pony Express as a first step, we organized the Central Overland & Pike's Peak Express Company under a Kansas charter, including Messrs. Ficklin and W. W. Finney, two of our principal employees, among the incorporators. Then the stage line from Atchison to Salt Lake City, owned and operated by our firm, was turned over to the new company which proceeded to acquire the Chorpenning mail and stage line operating on a monthly schedule between Salt Lake and Sacramento, and the Leavenworth and Pike's Peak Express which had lately established a stage line between Leavenworth and Denver, along the route now followed by the Kansas Pacific division of the Union Pacific system.

"It was at the same time decided that while Russell remained in the East, Ficklin should take charge of the operations at Salt Lake and Finney at San Francisco. When Ficklin reached Salt Lake we set to work with J. G. Bromley, our resident agent at this point, to prepare a schedule, locate relay and other stations, and make exact estimates of the number of men and horses that would be needed for the proposed service. There were already stations properly distanced on our line between St. Joseph and Salt Lake, but we had to relocate the route between Salt Lake and Sacramento which we had taken over from Chorpenning and build stations its entire length.

were of the Indians. At one time he said he was carrying a large sum of money and felt that information concerning it had leaked out through someone employed in the station. He, therefore, left the usual route, stopped at a secluded spot and hid the pouch then when back to the station. There he met the rider who was going in the opposite direction and they exchanged places. The other young man found Henry's pouch at the designated spot and proceeded along the trail. He was stopped by highwaymen, but when they did not recognize the rider, they let him pass thinking he was not employed by the Pony Express. Henry participated in other exciting events during his months of service.

Lelia Tuckett Freeze, daughter of Henry Tuckett, remembers as a child she was permitted to go to the old Salt Lake House with her father and see him off on his run. While waiting there she heard several men talking about the Indians being on the warpath in Nevada, in Ruby Valley, and that some of the riders had been wounded or killed. After bidding her father goodbye she ran quickly home and, in the privacy of her own bedroom, prayed fervently that the Lord would protect him.

Twelve years after obtaining a divorce from Mercy Westwood he married Esther Elizabeth Frisby. After their separation he married her niece, Jane Thompson, and still later Margaret Stamm became his wife. He was the father of fourteen children. Mr. Tuckett was one of the last surviving Pony Express riders, being 93 years of age at the time of his death, January 30, 1924.—*Auline Stahl*

ELIJAH NICHOLAS WILSON

Elijah Nicholas Wilson was born in Adams County, Illinois, and emigrated to Utah with his parents, Elijah and Martha Kelly Wilson, in 1850, settling in Grantsville. Their first home was in a fort, but after a time Mr. Wilson decided to move out of the enclosure to a

farm two miles distant where he could graze sheep. It was young "Nick's" responsibility to watch over them. In August, 1856 he was enticed by a band of Shoshone Indians to leave his home and live among them, which he did for two years. He became very attached to the redmen and in later years published a book entitled "*Uncle Nick Among the Shoshones*." After the death of his father in the fall of 1860, he became a Pony Express rider and tells his experiences in that venture in these words:



E. N. Wilson, "Uncle Nick."

employ of Russell, Majors and Waddell they furnished us each with a Bible, but they never gave us much time to read it on the road. We were required to sign an agreement to observe certain 'iron-clad' rules. In part they were: 'While I am in the employ of Russell, Majors & Waddell I agree not to use profane language, not to get drunk, not to gamble, not to treat animals cruelly and not to do anything incompatible with the conduct of a gentleman.' These rules were hard to keep sometimes, especially the one about swearing. That was a nuisance when yoking up unruly oxen in the mornings."

In 1860, Alexander began carrying mail for the Pony Express. The journal continues: "One of the pioneer developments was a fast mail service up the Platte river. I carried mail out of Fort Kearney to the west. I rode one horse 25 miles, changed horses and rode 25 miles more, there I met the rider from the west. If he was late I took the fresh horse that was ready for him and started to meet him and kept on till I did. When we met we changed horses, also the mail pouches. I came back and he began the trip west."

Mr. Toponce came to Salt Lake City in 1863 for the purpose of setting up a freighting business between Utah and the mining regions of Montana. He purchased a freighting outfit from John Handley of American Fork for \$1,200, which consisted of eight wagons with four yoke of oxen to the wagon. Salt Lake City was the loading point and they carried tea, flour, shovels and picks. En route, at Brigham City, he purchased butter and pork and in Cache Valley he obtained eggs. The pork cost him 6 cents per pound for which he received \$1.00 per pound, and the eggs he had bought at a minimum price brought \$2.00 a dozen. The following year he purchased flour from Bishop Chauncey W. West in Ogden. Once, there was a delay of two weeks in filling the order, and Mr. Toponce wrote "the delay caused him great loss both in cattle and gold."

HENRY TUCKETT

Henry Tuckett, pioneer of 1852, came to Utah with his wife Mercy Westwood, his mother, brothers and sister. He was born in London, England, September 24, 1831, the son of Charles Tuckett and Jane Pattondon. The father had previously been drafted into the English army and was never heard from again. Shortly after Henry's arrival in the Valley he opened a shoe and harness repair shop. When the Saints were advised by the Church authorities to move south, he took his family and during his absence the shop was taken over by others who had remained in the city. Upon his return he was unable to regain possession of it—neither did he receive compensation for his loss. Henry then went to work for the Dinwoodey Furniture store until such time as he could again go into business.

Employed by the Pony Express company as a rider, Mr. Tuckett later stated that the boys were more afraid of highwaymen than they

"Meantime one of our superintendents (Bolivar Roberts) located at Carson City, Nevada, was hiring men, while another located at Salt Lake (Howard Egan) was buying horses. The sixty men selected for riders at the outset were still young, but everyone a splendid horseman hardened by years of life in the open—in a word the pick of the frontier. Their wages ranged from \$50.00 to \$150.00 a month, the highest paid of any of our men below executive rank. The horses assembled for the service were the best that money could buy, ranging from tough California cayuses or mustangs to thoroughbred stock from Iowa. The line, when fully equipped, comprised 190 station men and keepers, and eighty riders, but those who had preparations in charge labored to such good purpose that sixty days after they were set afoot it was ready for active operations."

On March 26th, Russell inserted advertisements in the New York Herald and the Missouri Republican in St. Louis:

TO SAN FRANCISCO IN EIGHT DAYS

by
The Central Overland California
and
Pike's Peak Express

The first courier of the Pony Express will leave Missouri River on Tuesday, April 3d, at 5 p.m. and will run regularly weekly thereafter carrying a letter mail only. The point of departure on the Missouri River will be in telegraphic communication with the East and will be announced in due time.

Telegraphic messages from all parts of the United States and Canada in connection with the point of departure will be received up to 5 p.m. of the day of leaving, and transmitted over the Placerville and St. Joseph telegraph wires to San Francisco and intermediate points by the connecting Express in eight days.

The letter mail will be delivered in San Francisco in ten days from the departure of the Express. The Express passes through Forts Kearney, Laramie and Bridger, Great Salt Lake City, Camp Floyd, Carson City, the Washoe silver mines, Placerville and Sacramento. Letters for Oregon, Washington Territory, British Columbia, the Pacific Mexican ports, Russian possessions, Sandwich Islands, China, Japan and India will be mailed in San Francisco.

The *St. Joseph Weekly West*, published April 7, 1860 in St. Joseph, Missouri while the Pony was headed for California, gave the time schedule for the first run as follows from St. Joseph: Marysville, 12 hours; Fort Kearney, 34 hours; Fort Laramie, 80 hours; Fort Bridger, 108 hours; Great Salt Lake, 124 hours; Camp Floyd, 128 hours; Carson City, 188 hours; Placerville, 226 hours; Sacramento, 234 hours; San Francisco, 240 hours.

The *Sacramento Union* published the following:

Overland Pony Express: The agent of the proprietors, W. W. Finney, has completed his arrangements for stocking that portion of the line assigned to him, and has detailed his men and secured his stock for distribution along the route. For express and other purposes he has purchased 129 mules and horses—about 100 of the latter. They are California stock and well adapted for riding and packing purposes. The necessary saddles for riding and packing with bridles, blankets, etc., were purchased here in San Francisco. A certain number of tents and tent poles were also provided for the men stationed beyond Carson Valley.

Twenty-one men, as Express riders and packers, started with the train. The men and animals will be distributed between this city and Eagle Valley; the line to that point is to be stocked from Salt Lake. Finney goes to Ruby Valley with the train to fix upon the points for the stations and make a proper distribution of men and horses for the service. Provision and grain for the present have to be packed from Placerville to the points along the route where they will be needed. It is the intention of the agents to run the Express from Carson Valley along the route surveyed last summer by Captain Simpson. By that route the distance from this city to Salt Lake is not far from 700 miles. At the rate of 200 miles in 24 hours, the time between the two points will be three and one-half days.

The work of organization, carrying out the details, building stations, hiring men, buying horses, etc., went forth quietly and without publicity. Much praise must be given Majors whose experience gave him the capability of planning and carrying out the general details.

STATIONS: The stage stations already established were too far apart for horse travel, and so intermediate, or swing stations, were built between the home stations where horses could be quickly exchanged. Each station had an overseer, stock tenders and a blacksmith shop for shoeing the horses. Extra ponies were always kept in readiness. The home stations were usually situated near a ranch or settlement if possible. Since they were targets for Indian attacks they were built as indestructible as possible with the limited materials available such as rocks, adobe or logs. In spite of all precautions many were burned to the ground during Indian uprisings. The men chosen to man these stations were exceedingly courageous and possessed the ability to think and act quickly, since their job was perhaps the most dangerous on the route. More station men were killed than riders during the months of the Pony Express operations. The cost of food on the frontier was very high and most of it had to be freighted great distances. Hay and grain, besides being expensive at the point of shipment, cost as high as twenty-five cents a pound for transportation alone when delivered to the outlying Pony Ex-

the trail and before the animal could reach him he had succeeded in mounting his horse and was on the way—thus verifying the oft-repeated statement that George Thatcher was one of the fastest sprinters of his time.

With the extension of the rail lines west Mr. Thatcher became a contractor and completed a number of important grade sections. In 1877, he accepted the position of superintendent of the Utah Northern Railroad which extended from Ogden, Utah to Franklin, Idaho. He was given complete charge of letting contracts and the purchasing of materials. A short time later the Utah Northern was purchased by the Union Pacific interests, and recognizing Mr. Thatcher's worth to the organization, he was retained and continued the building of the line to Garrison, Montana. The great responsibility of building and operating the long lines of railroad affected his health and caused him to resign from the Union Pacific in September 1882. The Thatcher Bros. & Company Bank was organized in 1883, which was incorporated January 3, 1889, with George W. Thatcher, President. This position he held until the time of his death.

Mr. Thatcher was an active and zealous member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In 1871 he served on a mission to England. His interest in the cause of education is shown by the fact that he was appointed president of the Board of Brigham Young College by Brigham Young. He was also elected mayor of Logan and gave the city a businesslike and progressive administration. Few men have contributed more to the general advancement of the state than has George Thatcher. Luna Young, daughter of Brigham Young and Mary Angell became his wife April 4, 1861. Ten children were born to them.

George W. Thatcher was 62 years of age when he passed away in Logan December 23, 1902.

ALEXANDER TOPONCE

Alexander Toponce was born in Belfort, France in 1839. At the age of seven he came to America with his parents, settling first in the state of New York. Eight years later he, with some companions, pushed on to Missouri, and the following year became a bullwacker for the firm of Russell & Majors driving freight. For this service he was paid \$15.00 a month and board. In 1858, Alex became a stage driver for the Butterfield Overland Mail. In his journal he wrote: "We would start out with six mules and three men. One man would ride a horse alongside the mules and keep 'touching' them with a black snake whip. He was called the 'side whipper.' The third man sat on the 'dickey seat' on the top of the stage facing the rear. He had a field glass and kept an eye out for Indians. We all had the latest makes of rifles. We would drive six mules fifty miles, stopping once to feed and water them, then change teams and drive another fifty miles. While I was in the

straight through from station to station 'till I reached Salt Lake. Brigham Young called me in and advised that I quit the route, but I told him that I had promised the boys I would return, and wanted to keep my word. The boys were glad to see me. That was in 1861 and was my last run."

GEORGE WASHINGTON THATCHER

George Washington Thatcher came to Utah with his parents, Hezekiah and Alley Kitchin Thatcher in September, 1847. He was born February 1, 1840 in Springfield, Illinois. When nine years of age George accompanied his parents to Sacramento, California where



George W. Thatcher

his father became interested in mining. The Thatchers prospered in this venture, but the mother was greatly displeased with the environment her children were subjected to, and, as a compromise, Mr. Thatcher opened an eating house on the Auburn road and purchased a freighting outfit. Both enterprises paid well, so Hezekiah turned to ranching. When the threat of war came to Utah Territory, and the Saints were called back to help defend it, the Thatcher family returned with the exception of three sons, John, Aaron and Moses. They were left to dispose of the holdings and reached Utah at the time of the organization of the militia. The boys, including George, took an active part in the defense of the city in Echo Canyon.

Work in the mines and on the ranch had developed George into a powerful youth, an expert rider, jumper and fleet of foot. When the Pony Express was put into action George was hired as a rider. Upon one occasion, early in the spring of 1860, while the snow was yet deep, George, not feeling well, and having a sharp pain in his side, got off the horse and taking hold of the horse's tail was running along when a large wolverine jumped upon him knocking him down and breaking his hold. Having learned to think and act quickly, George doubled up and rolled over like a ball, and as the animal rushed at him again, he managed to get his feet under it and with great force threw it several yards away. He then sped along

press stations by oxteam. But for the enormous transportation business built by Russell, Majors & Waddell, the Pony Express would have been foredoomed to failure at the outset because of the difficulty and expense of securing supplies.

RIDERS: The purpose of the Express was to keep the mail continuously moving forward at maximum speed, and the routes chosen, the distance between stations, and rules governing the duties of the station keepers, and selection of riders, were all arranged to make this possible. The men who had charge of choosing the riders had certain rules to guide them. He must be young, not over twenty years of age, weigh less than 125 pounds, wiry, and have an unwavering sense of duty and responsibility. He must be an outstanding horseman and accustomed to the rugged life expected of him—seventy five miles to one hundred miles a day, which meant at least six or more changes of mounts, was to be his daily schedule. At the home station he would be permitted a short rest, then return with the mail in the opposite direction. According to the records of the company not many of these young riders endured this strenuous life for the eighteen months of its existence. Ofttimes the company's rules were broken when younger riders were employed as well as those who did not meet the specifications concerning weight.

Each rider was supplied with a red flannel shirt and blue trousers, but mostly they dressed as they saw fit. The average costume consisted of a buckskin shirt, ordinary trousers tucked into high boots and a slouch hat or cap. A pair of Colt revolvers in his holsters, sometimes a dagger and a Spencer rifle, which was later discarded because it proved too cumbersome, completed his outfit. He was under oath to be on hand for duty, but it was the station keeper's responsibility to watch for the approach of the Express rider and have a horse saddled and bridled at least thirty minutes before he arrived. His approach was watched for carefully and sometimes his presence was made known by a series of lusty whoops or the blowing of a horn. He was instructed to keep out of the way of Indians and unscrupulous white men who might be attracted by the monetary value of the mail, since the high rate of postage precluded its use for frivolous correspondence. Letters were written on the thinnest procurable paper in fine handwriting to economize space, then carefully wrapped in oil-skin before being inserted in the compartments of the mochila. The Pony Express rider was held responsible for the delivery of those precious letters and documents on time. His wage was from \$50.00 to \$150 but he was housed and fed at the company's expense.

PONIES: To establish the Pony Express required 500 more of the best blooded American horses, and 200 station tenders to care for them and have them saddled and bridled for the incoming riders—they having only two minutes to change their mounts. The selection of the ponies was made with the greatest discrimination. Speed was the first requirement, but the ability to keep going under vary-

ing conditions was of the upmost importance. The *Missouri Democrat* of March, 1860 stated that ponies were being brought from Captain McKissack at Fort Leavenworth.

On the western end of the route California mustangs were purchased. They were a breed of stout-hearted, steel-muscled, deep-bodied under-sized animals who could conquer the mountain passes, buck sand storm and alkali deserts and swim rivers. In Utah wild horses were rounded up on the desert, near Kimball's Junction, according to the writings of William Kimball, and on Antelope Island, and sold to the firm. These ponies often proved superior to the Indian ponies and many times out-distanced them in a race. Frederick E. Eldredge, nephew of Ira Nebeker, wrote the following concerning the breaking of wild ponies for the Express:

"Ira Nebeker, Sol Hale and Quince Knowlton had the contract to break the ponies for riding. These adventurous fellows were young men of 17 to 18 years of age at the time. Their contract called for them to ride at least ten ponies a day. The riders weighed around 130 pounds. The young horse-breakers would take turns being rider, then as helper as the wild ponies were roped, bridled and saddled and then mounted for the first time. Usually when a horse got through bucking he didn't buck again, but sometimes the horse would have to be ridden again and again. I suppose many of the ponies were still quite wild but they had the hardy and enduring characteristics needed in a fast and tough pony to make the necessary ride between stations. These ponies, when broken for riding, were then taken to the main Express Station in Salt Lake City on Main Street. Here they were available for the Pony Express riders and stations as needed. Every station had two or three extra horses in corals as relief horses.

"It was a hard and adventurous life for both pony and rider and many a pony was lost as well as the rider. My uncle, Aaron Nebeker, rode a few times in the Pony Express mostly as a replacement for some regular rider who was unable to go. I knew Tom Dobson, "Wash" Perkins, "Doc" Faust and George Little who were riders for the Pony Express. Bill Cody, or "Buffalo Bill," as he was known and Uncle Ira Nebeker were dear friends."

SADDLES: The saddles were made by the famous saddlery firm, headed by Israel Landis. They were light even to the stirrups. The saddle horn was short and broad and the entire saddle weighed about one-third of the ordinary frontier used saddle. A mochila or covering of leather was thrown over the saddle. Holes were cut in the mochila through which the saddle horn and cantle of the saddle projected. Four boxes of hard leather were attached to the mochila. The mail was put in these small containers which were secured with padlocks. At designated stations the keepers, who held the keys, opened the boxes. Thus it was unnecessary for the rider to change his saddle, only the mochila.

"There were seven riders on my route and we used both mules and horses, riding the pony and driving pack animals before us. We had guns and pistols, and sometimes used arrows in self defense. I carried a pair of pistols, but never had any trouble. Indians shot arrows at me and white men have drawn guns on me, but I never had one touch me. I was exceptionally fortunate.

"Just the day before one of my trips, Mr. Dave Proctor and his wife and a train of 45 wagons came to Diamond Springs late in the afternoon. I urged them to stop as there was good feed and water and it was 35 miles through hills and hollows to Roberts Creek. They camped close to the station and I was invited to have supper with Dave Proctor and his wife. The following morning was my turn to ride and I passed them before they reached Dry Creek Station. I hurried on to Simpson's Park and found the Indians had attacked the station and robbed it of almost everything. They had killed *Jim Alcott*, the other rider. Hurrying on I found the next station burned, nobody around and no animals to change with. So I went on another 40 miles toward Smith Creek, where I met the other rider on his return trip. When I told him all that had happened we went to Smith Creek together.

"The following morning two prospectors asked if they might go along with us, as they were afraid of Indians. We gave them our consent and continued our journey in a snow storm, but free from the attack of Indians. When we neared Dry Creek we saw a herd of cattle running from the station so we stopped a few rods distant. There was no signs of people, so I left the other man and rode my pony to the building, the front of which was blown out. There were indications of a skirmish. Looking in I gazed with horror into the face of one of our riders, who had been killed.

"With anxiety we rushed toward Roberts Creek, stopping only for short rests and to let the animals graze. At Diamond Springs the Indians threatened us, but seemed quelled by our fearless threats, though they followed us and stole most of our animals at night. We finally reached Roberts Creek Station, where we received a hilarious welcome.

"Howard Egan, the head agent, received the support of a squad of soldiers to protect the route. I took two yoke of cattle and an old Indian called 'Duditchemo' and went with them to haul supplies. 'Duditchemo' was a faithful Indian guard, who made several trips.

"Upon one occasion at Diamond Springs, Mr. Bolivar Roberts asked for a fast rider to take the mail to Salt Lake City; I volunteered. The mail pouch contained a great deal of money. The captain asked how many soldiers I wanted for guards and I told him none. A California postmaster who was there asked if I would like him to come along and I told him he could not keep up with me. I didn't take anyone. It was 22 miles from there to Ruby Valley, where I had to change animals. There was no more trouble from Indians and I went

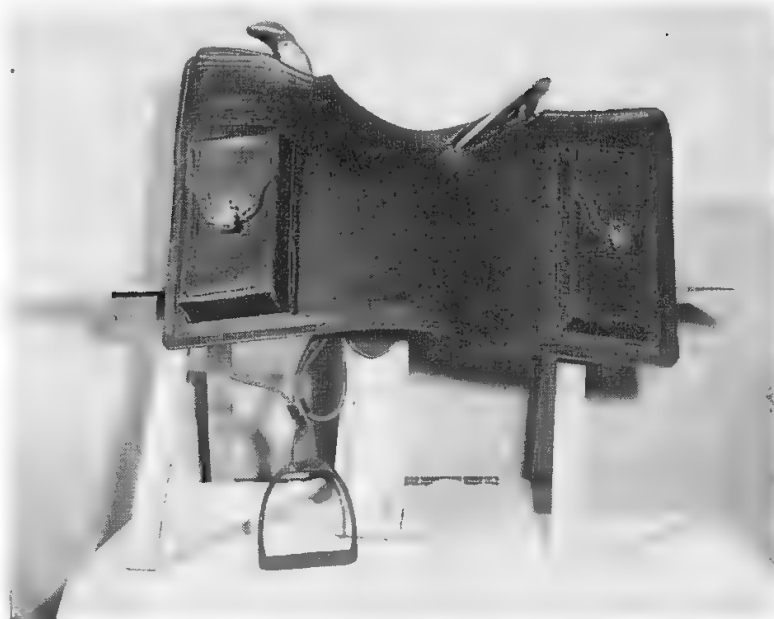
with others, went to meet one of the delayed handcart companies entering the Valley in November, carrying supplies to the weary and destitute travelers. When he was sixteen years of age William, with a number of other people under the leadership of Bishop David Evans of Lehi, was sent to assist in the establishment of the White Mountain Mission southeast of Moab. Shortly after, the mission was abandoned and he returned to Salt Lake City. He was a member of Company B. of the Nauvoo Legion.

On October 15, 1867 Mary Amelia Richards, eldest child of Samuel Whitney Richards and Mary Haskin Parker, became his wife. He took his wife to the Muddy Mission in St. Joseph, Nevada. When that mission was also abandoned they returned to Centerville, twelve miles north of Salt Lake City. Leaving his wife and mother there he went to Weber canyon to work for the Union Pacific Railroad. The contract was to haul telegraph poles from the mouth of Echo Canyon to the mouth of Weber canyon. After part of the poles were delivered they were said to be unsuitable and the deal was a total loss. Later John Taylor took over the contract and William worked under him until the railroad reached Ogden in 1869. Next he hauled ties for Brigham Young, Jr., on the Utah Central from Ogden to Salt Lake City. His chief interest after that was farming in Centerville and his farm became one of the most outstanding in the state. He also engaged in other business enterprises such as general merchandising, implement and banking business in Ogden, Centerville and Salt Lake City. Mr. Streeper served as a Justice of the Peace and a school trustee, and for several years was on the Board of Directors of the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society. Death came to him at his home in Centerville October 4, 1930 at the age of ninety-three years.

When a young man of twenty-three he became a mail carrier working for the Brigham Young Express Company. He was later hired by Major Howard Egan as a Pony Express rider. The following is his story:

"I rode the Pony Express during 1860-61. My route was in Nevada, between Diamond Springs and Smith Creek. From Diamond Springs it was 35 miles to our next station, which was Roberts Creek. Then it was another 35 miles from Roberts Creek to Dry Creek. The next station was Simpson's Park, and from there it was 40 miles to Smith Creek, where we changed riders.

"We rode ordinary ponies. When their backs became sore, as they sometimes did from carrying packs, we doctored them ourselves. We stationed animals all along between stops so we could change and have fresh ones. We drove them about seven or eight miles an hour, often riding in the dark. Many is the time I have eaten my supper on the trail and my breakfast eighty or ninety miles from there. At the time of the inauguration of Lincoln, the mail was carried from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, in seven and a half days.



Pony Express Saddle with Mochila — D.U.P. Museum

On April 3, 1860 the Alta-California published a story saying that the "Horse Express" would be made up at the Telegraph Office and dispatched to Sacramento by boat at 4 o'clock. It also said that W. W. Finney had his stations all ready from Sacramento to Salt Lake City or a distance of three hundred miles. It called upon all the citizens to give the ponies a good send-off. The San Francisco Bulletin also presented great evidence that the celebration would be one to be remembered.

On April 4th, the Alta-California gave glowing reports of the send-off the Pony rider received, and that the express matter amounted to 85 letters which at the \$5.00 rate, made a total of \$425.00. The mail left San Francisco by boat and arrived at the dock in Sacramento early in the morning of April 4th. Harry Roff, Express rider was a passenger on the boat. Here no celebration was held but other mail was added to the pouch and William Hamilton, who had been hired by Bolivar Roberts, made his way on to Placerville. It was 6:45 a.m. when he rode into town, a full half hour ahead of schedule. This was the only run made out of San Francisco for the western terminal was then made at Sacramento.

On that same day the operations of the Pony Express started from St. Joseph. It was late in the evening as the train carrying messages from farther eastern points did not arrive in time for it

to leave earlier. Three names have been specially mentioned as being the first rider, Johnny Frye, Alexander Carlyle and Billy Richardson, but most historians give the credit to Johnny Frye. In the afternoon, a



Johnny Frye

stormy. The last 75 miles were made in 5 hours, 15 minutes in a heavy rain.

"The Express from the East left St. Joseph, Mo., at 6:30 p.m. on the evening of the 3rd and arrived in this city at 6:25 p.m. on the evening of the 9th. The difference in time between St. Joseph and this city is something near one hour and fifteen minutes, bringing us within six days communication with the frontier, and seven days from Washington—a result which we Utahns, accustomed to receive news three months after date, can well appreciate. Much credit is due the enterprising and persevering originators of this enterprise, and although a telegraph is very desirable, we feel well satisfied with this achievement for the present."—*Deseret News*, April 11.

FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES

The cost of the Pony Express venture was high. Riders and ponies had to be fed, stations maintained with paid attendants, bridles, saddles and mochilas purchased. Buying for, and maintaining the Pony Express for over sixteen months, proved a gigantic enterprise, costing more than Russell, Majors & Waddell could meet. Indian depredations and the loss from bandits and thieves along the route were enormous. The initial cost was \$100,000 which included the building of the adobe stations, the buying of the ponies, outfitting

large crowd assembled at the express station and Major Jeff Thompson spoke lauding the new venture. A brass band furnished the music and at 7:30 in the evening, according to the St. Joseph Weekly, the mail was placed in a mochila by the Mayor and the rider started off amid the loud and continuous cheering of the spectators.

The people of Salt Lake City watched anxiously for the rider to appear but no celebration was scheduled.

"The first Pony Express from the west left Sacramento City at 12 p.m. on the night of the 3rd inst., and arrived in this city at 11:45 p.m. of the 7th, inside off prospectus time. The roads were heavy and weather

1855. Young James preceded his parents to Utah by two years, arriving in the Valley in the Jacob Gates company of 1853. His first job in Salt Lake City was helping to build the wall around the temple block, after which he began delivering mail to the neighboring towns. Later he was employed by Major Howard Egan as a rider.

After the demise of the Pony Express, James moved to Heber City, Wasatch County, where, in time, he built three different homes for his three different families. In 1855 he married Isabella Muir. They were the parents of eight children; in 1875 he married Eva Erickson and seven children were born to them. In 1899 Caroline Homan became his wife. Mr. Shanks was a faithful Latter-day Saint, serving as a High Priest and home missionary. He was an experienced horticulturist and it was his pride and pleasure to decorate the meetinghouse on numerous occasions with beautiful flowers.

WILLIAM HENRY STREEPER

William Henry Streeper, son of Wilkinson and Matilda Wells Streeper, was born August 1, 1837 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. In the year 1843, he, with his parents, moved to Nauvoo, Illinois where he resided until the martyrdom of the Prophet. Accompanied



William H. Streeper

by his parents he traveled by steamboat to St. Louis, Missouri in which city he stayed until the spring of 1850. While there he was employed on the new gas works system, being assigned to light twenty-five lamps each night and extinguish them in the morning. The pay was five dollars a month which was later increased to ten dollars. With this money he assisted his father in purchasing needed equipment for the journey to Utah. The start across the plains was made from Kanessville, Iowa early in April, 1851, reaching their destination in the Salt Lake Valley in October of that year.

William and his father built a home for the family in the Old Fourteenth Ward. He also hauled wood from the surrounding canyons, not only for home use but to sell to others. Wood was one of the chief mediums of exchange at that time by which debts could be paid. In 1858, he,

found his way to St. George in that early day and the still greater wonder at his staying there, fighting Indians, conducting a business college, running one newspaper and outrunning one or two others . . . As a young man living in Salt Lake City he showed his courage and youthful activity by becoming one of the riders of the Pony Express. Perhaps his resourcefulness in this endeavor helped to prepare him for the life of a frontiersman that was needed to subdue enemies of this southern mission."

The following resume tells the story of the activities of Mr. Sangiovanni between the years 1852 and 1877, when he traveled 36,125 miles in the interests of the Latter-day Saint Church, the Pony Express and the Territory of Utah in general: From Des Moines, Iowa to Salt Lake City by oxtrain; 1855, took 500 head of cattle to California and after his return carried a weekly mail from Salt Lake City to Ogden for a short time; 1856, traveled with the U. S. Survey and later that year drove an oxteam from Salt Lake to Bitter Root, Montana with freight where he stayed until the following year, when he returned to the Valley with a herd of ponies. Later that same year he made a trip to California with 800 head of cattle. During the Johnston Army troubles of 1858, he hauled lumber to Camp Floyd and, in 1859, journeyed to the Missouri River with Heber C. Kimball in the interests of the Church. In 1860, he was employed as a Pony Express rider by Russell, Majors & Waddell and the following year drove a mule team to the Missouri River and return. Later that year he drove a freight wagon to Carson Valley. The Sangiovanni family was called to help with the settlement of St. George where they arrived December 24, 1861. In 1862 he returned to Salt Lake City, from whence he went with freight to Carson City to meet General Connor and his California volunteers. He returned with freight to be used at Fort Douglas. Later that year he returned to St. George, and, in 1863, was called to go with an oxteam to the Missouri River to help bring immigrants and freight across the plains. In 1864, he went on a mission to Europe where he served for three years. In 1868, he took part in the Navajo uprisings in the southern part of the state, and, in 1869 returned to Salt Lake City. Eight years later he traveled to the Black Hills of South Dakota and again returned to Salt Lake City.

Mr. Sangiovanni married Mary Ann Brown, an English convert, and they were the parents of two daughters. In later years he became the first curator of the Deseret Museum. He died in 1915 and was buried in the Salt Lake City cemetery.

JAMES "DOCK" SHANKS

Little information is available on James Dock Shanks, another Mormon youth who played a part in the Pony Express operations in Utah. He was born November 29, 1833 in Paisley, Renfrewshire, England, the son of James Shanks and Isabella Dock, pioneers of

the men with saddles, guns, clothing and other items needed and the hiring of maintenance crews.

Near Christmas time of 1860, a political scandal, which involved Mr. Russell, shocked the nation. All the leading papers carried the story that Godard Bailey, a clerk in the Department of the Interior, was also involved and some thousands of dollars in bonds had disappeared. The bonds belonged to the Indian tribal fund and represented annuities due to various tribes. William H. Russell was arrested in New York City December 24, 1860 and charged with receiving the bonds from Bailey and giving them as collateral for obtaining a huge loan. In their place had been left "acceptances" which had been issued earlier by Secretary of War Floyd to Russell, Majors & Waddell for freight-ing contracts. Russell claimed that he had no knowledge Bailey was a government officer or that the bonds belonged to a government agency. He was later released on a \$200,000 bond which was raised by his many friends. Secretary of War Floyd, Russell and Bailey were indicted by a Grand Jury in Washington January 30, 1861. When Mr. Russell's case came up in the Criminal Court, his attorney pleaded that since he had already been questioned by a Select Committee of the House on this same charge, he should be freed from the indictment to which the court acceded.



Courtesy — Utah State Historical Society

Bancroft in his analysis of the situation said: "The company was largely in debt, owing about \$1,000,000; and, although a large company and with considerable assets, was embarrassed to a degree which made borrowing necessary to a greater amount than was convenient. The government was also in debt to the company on its contracts, Congress having failed to pass an appropriation bill."

Meanwhile, the Pony Express was kept on the road, but the Russell case, although it never entered the stage of trial, seriously affected the good name of the firm with Washington officials. Creditors, seeing a possible financial collapse ahead for the company, began presenting their claims. In the *Deseret News* of February 27, 1861 appeared this story:

"A few days since, there was a little excitement raised in the city, by the circulation of a report that all the stock belonging to the Mail and Express Company in this territory had been attached at the suit of Livingston, Bell & Company, in consequence of which, the Mail and Express would be stopped and no further communications might be expected from the East very soon, which, in these exciting times would certainly be a great inconvenience, not to say calamity.

"The report that the animals had been attached was correct, but we are credibly informed that there was no intention on the part of the plaintiffs in the case to interfere with the transmission of the mail, nor to prevent the "Pony" from making its regular trips, for the present, at least, and not at all, if the matter of indebtedness shall be otherwise satisfactorily adjusted. If we rightly understand the matter the transaction may be considered more favorable than otherwise, for the continuance of the existing mail and express arrangements."

The contract that had been given to the Butterfield interests in 1858, known as the Overland Mail, was the chief competitor of Russell, Majors & Waddell, who, with their large holdings had sought to supersede this company when they incorporated the Central Overland & Pike's Peak Express Company in 1859. Early in 1861 Congress was notified that the Butterfield Overland Mail had been attacked by Confederate forces and some of its stages stopped. It also had not proved to be too successful as the patronage had not been as much as had been expected. It was then that Congress agreed the mail line must be moved to the central route. On March 2, 1861, President James Buchanan and the Democratic Congress transferred the Overland Mail to the Central Route with an annual subsidy of \$1,000,000. In the contract was a clause that the Pony Express would run a semi-weekly mail. The firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell had been defeated in its efforts to secure this mail route.

The Overland Mail Company now had the contract to carry the mail to and from California, but they did not have the route which was owned by Russell, Majors & Waddell. A contract was drawn up between William H. Russell and William B. Dinsmore which divided the central route into two sections with each company assuming responsibility for one of them. From the *Utah Historical Quarterly* Vol. 27, pages 111-112 we quote in part:

This memorandum of contract—witnesseth—that whereas the last session of the 36th Congress a law was passed authorizing the Postmaster Gen'l to make certain modifications in the contract

in Salt Lake City, I have my doubts that the Overland Pony Express could have carried the mail over the Central Route. I was on the middle division between Julesburg and Green River in 1861, and some of the Mormons who hauled this grain down into Wyoming did not get back to Salt Lake until after the snow flew. I have seen them deliver some of the grain in the snow. You bet the Tithing House used its best efforts to raise and deliver this grain. They made each valley furnish so much of the grain."

GUGLIELMO G. ROSSETTI SANGIOVANNI

Guglielmo Sangiovanni was born in London, England, a son of Benedatto and Susanna Rogers Sangiovanni. His father was a handsome, scholarly man who had become entangled in the political turmoil in Europe in the 1830's and seeking a place of refuge, made



Guglielmo Sangiovanni

his way to New York City, where he went to live in the home of David W. Rogers. He married Susanna the daughter of Mr. Rogers in November, 1833, and the following year they sailed for England where Guglielmo was born April 17, 1835. Susanna became acquainted with the Mormon Elders, Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball, accepted the gospel as taught by them, and since there had been a rift in the Sangiovanni household for some time, she left England with her little son on the ship *Asbland* with other Saints bound for America. They never saw the husband and the father again. A short time after arriving in Nauvoo, Illinois, Susanna married a Mr. Pickett and after the exodus of

the Saints from that city to Winter Quarters, another son was born and christened Horatio. Mr. Pickett joined the emigrants en route for California and that was the last the family heard of him.

Susanna and her two sons arrived in Salt Lake Valley in 1852 where she became a school teacher. Guglielmo had received an excellent education and edited and published a small newspaper called the "Mineral Cactus" after they had been called to the Dixie Mission in St. George by Church officials. J. Cecil Alter in his book "Early Utah Journalism" has this to say about Mr. Sangiovanni: "We cannot omit to express our wonder at how a man with such a name ever

stock. It was no easy job to keep the mail going in those days, but someone had to do it."

THOMAS J. RANAHAN

According to available records Thomas J. Ranahan made his home in Salt Lake City in 1872. He then moved to Boise, Idaho and after his marriage went to Weiser, Idaho where he purchased a farm. His wife died in the summer of 1914. Mr. Ranahan then returned to Boise where he died December 28, 1926. His body was taken to Kansas City for burial. Thomas was born in Ireland, November 28, 1839. He came to America with his father and other members of the family when he was two years of age. Some years later they moved to Kansas where he became acquainted with the firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell and was hired as one of their stage drivers making many trips to Salt Lake City, Utah.

From Mr. Ranahan's writings we quote: "I was not a Pony Express rider, but was a stage driver for the Overland Stage company, but both of these companies were run by the same concern. I went over the same line of road as the Pony Express riders did, stopped at the same stations, and made several trips over the road, riding for the Pony Express when some of the men were ill. They would do the same things for the stage drivers. The Overland Stage Company used 2,759 horses and mules and 100 Concord coaches. When a Pony rider took sick one of the stage drivers would ride for him until he met the next Pony rider and would turn the mail over to him, and the hostler of the stage, if the stage was on time, would bring up the stage until he met the pony and rider and he would then turn the stage over to him and take the pony back with him to the station. This was a courtesy between the Pony Express rider and the Overland Stage line drivers to help one another out.

"I went by the name of 'Irish Tom' in those days. In fact, I had three names. I was also called 'Lightning' or 'The Infant' stage driver. I ran away from home in 1860 and want to say that I have been on the plains ever since. I worked for Ben Holladay from the 9th day of April, 1861 until June, 1865. Mr. Holladay had one rule when hiring men. He told the men what they had to do and if they made good they would be promoted. To show you how this rule worked: When the Indians burned him out in 1864, not a single man quit him. Every superintendent he had in his employ when he sold out started as a stage driver and was promoted to division superintendent."

Concerning some of the grain used by the Overland Company Mr. Ranahan states: "The Overland Stage Company had a contract with the Tithing House in Salt Lake City to furnish all of the grain from Salt Lake City west to Austin, Nevada. I worked on this road long enough to know that if it had not been for the Tithing House

for mail service on route 12,518—among others changing their route to what is known as the Central or Salt Lake Route—to be accepted by the contractors.

And whereas the Overland Mail company now performing the service and the recognized contractors on said route have accepted such modifications, and entered into a contract with the Postmaster Gen'l for the performance of service under said act of Congress—a copy of which contract is hereto appended and made a part of this agreement. And whereas it has been agreed that the Central Overland & Pike's Peak Express Company shall perform a part of said service; now these presents witness—that the said Express Company acting by William H. Russell its president and duly authorized by its Board of Directors, party of the first part, and the said Overland Mail Company acting by William B. Dinsmore, party of the second part, do mutually agree as follows:

1st. Said first party agree to perform the entire service between the eastern terminus and Salt Lake City and to furnish facilities to accommodate (sic) travel both "through" and "local" The second party to perform the balance of the service and to afford like facilities and to pay the first party quarterly as it shall be received from the government and no sooner, mail pay at the rate of Four Hundred and Seventy Thousand dollars per annum, after deducting therefrom one half the amount of sea service.

2nd. The passenger business and Express business to be divided as follows—the local passenger and express business of the first party to be divided seventy per cent to the first party and thirty per cent to the second party. And the local business of the second party to be retained by them entire. Settlements are to be made quarterly and all accounts balanced. Business going only part way on both divisions charged as local and price to be fixed by the parties.

5th. A general superintendent to be appointed by the second party and paid equally by the two parties, shall have general charge and supervision of the eastern line, as far as to see that the service is properly performed, but it is not to interfere with the management and detail of the first party's division.

7th. The second party reserves the right and privilege of making an exclusive contract for the Express business with Wells Fargo & Co., for all business going from the East to any point west of Salt Lake City going east—at a fair compensation—said business shall be called through business and divided as such.

In witness whereof the parties hereto have subscribed their names this 16th day of March, 1861, at New York.

Wm. H. Russell Pres. the C.O.C. & P.P. Ex. Co.
W. B. Dinsmore Pres. Overland Mail Co.

On the 26th of April, 1861, at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Central Overland & California Pike's Peak Express Company, Russell resigned and Bela Hughes was elected the new president. Benjamin Holladay was made the superintendent of the eastern division with orders to take over his responsibilities July 1st when the new contract went into effect. On February 15, 1862, hard pressed by its creditors, the entire assets of the company were advertised for sale, and on March 7th, Holladay bid in for \$100,000 claiming that the company owed him \$208,000.

RUSSELL, MAJORS & WADDELL

In the late summer of 1861 *William H. Russell* visited the Rocky Mountain region where he endeavored to become associated with several business ventures. Later he returned East and became the cashier of the Kansas Valley Bank at Atchison, Kansas. He helped organize and promote several mining deals, none of which proved profitable. His last days were spent in New York. On Wall Street, where he had once been a familiar figure, he was now a stranger whom few people recognized. Shortly before his death he moved to the home of his son J. W. Russell, in Palmyra, where he passed away September 10, 1872.

Alexander Majors, after listing his assets and liabilities, ordered that if there was anything left it should be turned over to the creditors of the firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell. Mr. Majors continued to make his home in Nebraska for some time. In the summer of 1865, he sent two trains to Salt Lake City, one of which he forwarded to Boise, Idaho and the other to Helena, Montana. Both met with disaster when heavy snowfalls prevented them from reaching their destination. In 1866, he again visited Utah and had a consultation with Brigham Young. In the fall of 1867, Majors moved his family to Salt Lake City. When the Golden Spike ceremony took place uniting the railroads of the east and west at Promontory on May 10, 1869, Alexander Majors was present.

Realizing that his career as a freighter was over he had to look to other fields as a means of livelihood. Silver mining was just beginning to develop in Utah, so he started prospecting in the Black Pine District located in the northwest section of Utah. Not meeting with much success he returned to Salt Lake City, and then engaged in prospecting in the American Fork, Cottonwood and Park City districts. He left Salt Lake City in 1879 and made his home in various places. He was in Denver in 1891, when William F. Cody found him living alone while writing the story of his life. Cody took over the responsibility of having the book, *Seventy Years on the Frontier* published. Alexander Majors died January 14, 1900 in his eighty-sixth year and was buried in the Union cemetery in Kansas City, Missouri.

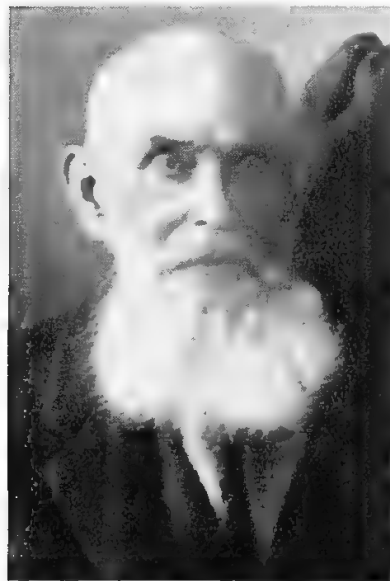
"Wash Perkins was one of those who rode in the initial pony ride to settle the question of time. 'We had orders on that first run to do our level best' said Wash. 'Treat your horse as well as you can, but bring the mail through even if it costs a horse, in the shortest time you can.' Mr. Perkins continued, 'My run on that record-breaking ride was fifty-seven miles. We did not have the stations then to change our horses. I had to make it with just one horse and I made the run in mighty good time considering the distance, but I killed the poor horse in doing it. He was so stiff the next morning that we couldn't get him out of the stable. His muscles seemed to have changed to stone. We did what we could for the suffering animal but he never got better; he just died there in his tracks. There was not any doubt though after that ride about the time that could be made over the Central Route. The Pony riders cut the time of the Southern Route right in two or better. It took only ten days for the first mail to be put across, and at one time when we were carrying Lincoln's first inaugural message, the mail was put through from St. Joe to the coast in seven days and seventeen hours. I tell you that no grass grew under the feet of the ponies on that ride. It was nearly two hundred and fifty miles a day that was made. But we had a change of mounts every six or eight miles, extra horses and riders having been scattered between some stations for the run.'"

"Another exciting adventure happened on the Pony Express route when Wash Perkins and Billy Fisher were making part of a three hundred mile ride to carry word of the Indian outbreak into Salt Lake City from out in Ruby Valley, Nevada. Said he, 'The Indians were lurking all along the trail. We could see their signal fires on every hill, and we knew we were running a pretty dangerous gauntlet, but we kept out of reach of every possible ambush point as well as we could, and we dodged the devils pretty well. Once though they came within an ace of getting us. We had to go through a stretch of cedars and rocks. There was no way around. We kept our eyes skinned and our revolvers ready but we didn't strike any trouble until we were just about through the dangerous place. Then suddenly whizz! went an arrow too darn close to our heads to be comfortable. And then bang! went a rifle. The bullet cut right through Billy's macheres and nearly hit me in the hip. We couldn't see the Injuns who were paying us their compliments. It was just a plain case of 'git out of it or git killed'; so we put spurs to our horses and got out on the jump. As we began to run the Indians jumped out of their hiding place and yelled as they kept up their shootin', but their shots fell short. I rode on to Simpson Springs with Billy and there Major Egan was. He sent Billy on through with another rider and took me back with him to help establish the broken line. The Indians had played hob with most of those desert stations, killin' riders and keepers and stealin' the

serving on the school board, member of the Old Folks Committee, chairman of the Democratic Committee of Davis County, Justice of the Peace and Watermaster. Death came suddenly May 28, 1893 from a heart seizure. Funeral services were held in the South Bountiful Ward meetinghouse at which time B. H. Roberts, of the General Authorities, lauded his achievements and remarked that William Page was "indeed a diamond in the rough."—*Mary Anne Page Colbert*

GEORGE WASHINGTON PERKINS

George Washington Perkins was born May 1, 1836 in Hancock County, Illinois, the son of Absalom and Nancy Martin Perkins. Prior to becoming a convert of Mormonism he crossed the plains to Utah with his parents in Captain Allen Taylor's company of 1849, settling



George Washington Perkins

at once in the Nineteenth Ward. Both parents died within a few years after their arrival in the Valley. In 1853, George was ordained a Seventy and became a member of the Thirty-first quorum of Seventies.

As a youth George made several trips back to the Missouri River to aid in bringing other immigrants to Zion. He took part in the settlement of Fort Supply which was abandoned shortly after because of Indian depredations. After performing other labors incidental to pioneering he entered into the career for which he will best be remembered—a driver of the Overland stages and a Pony Express rider. Major Howard Egan called him as a rider, his route being between Egan Canyon and Ruby Valley. He

was one of the riders at the time Lincoln's first message to Congress went through by Pony Express. A record of the life of George W. Perkins states that he carried the mail for a total of nine years, including the eighteen months he rode the Express.

On January 20, 1864 George married Alice Mellen. He moved to Pleasant Green, Salt Lake County with his family in 1867, at which place he passed away June 22, 1916 in his eightieth year.

The following story was taken from the *Deseret News* of September 15, 1923:

William B. Waddell, after turning the majority of his assets over to the firm's creditors, went to live with his son John W. Waddell, who now owned the family home in Lexington, Missouri. As far as any records available are concerned he never again entered business of any nature. Various lawsuits were filed against him from time to time which greatly troubled him. It is said that by his late fifties he had aged considerably. The Civil War was being fought practically on his doorsteps and federal troops occupied many of the old houses in the vicinity. His last years were spent in the home of his daughter, in Lexington, where he died April 1, 1872 and was interred in the Machpelah cemetery.

THE PONY DISPATCH—SALT LAKE CITY

Wendell Ashton in his *Voice of the West* tells the story of The Pony Dispatch, an extra newspaper published by the *Deseret News*.

"The coming of the Pony Express meant that the News could bring these trail blazing, town-founding Mormons closer to the East where there was now a web of telegraph wires and railroads. When the Pony Express arrived the *Deseret News* was an eight-page weekly with a sermon or two and often a poem on the front page. It remained a weekly, at least for several years. But as more momentous news arrived with the ponies from the war-threatened East, the *News* began issuing 'extras' which came to be known as the Pony Dispatch.

"The Pony Express enabled readers of the regular *News* to learn of Abraham Lincoln's election as President eight days after he had won over a split Democratic party front and a Whig—at a time when the regular mail from the East was usually taking three to six weeks by stagecoach and was still arriving soaking wet at times. Lincoln's inaugural address was in the weekly *News*, thanks to the Pony, eight days after it had been given in front of the unfinished, domeless capitol in Washington.

"Lincoln's election had been received by the South as the alarm for secession. As the rumble of war grew, the Express raced the reports to the West, and Elias Smith and his faithful hands stood ready to toil through the night, if necessary, to rush the flashes with the *New* extras. On the evening of April 4, 1861, a day that saw rain, hail and snow fall in Great Salt Lake City, the Pony roared into the city with the ominous news about Fort Sumter. For Sumter was on a speck of island in Charleston harbor. It was the powder keg that was to touch off the war. The Express arrived in the evening and all night the printers of the *News* fought to get out the extra next day. Other 'extras' followed, and on April 20th, about 11 p.m. the rider splashed into town through a downpour with the news that eight days before, South Carolinians had fired on federal Fort Sumter. The war had begun!

"Elias Smith sent out an alarm for the printing hands and they were soon at the shop in the Council House, setting each letter of the

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1861.

Soon after,
of March
e Valley in
was born



William Page

In 1860, when the Pony Express was put in operation, William became one of the riders, his run being between Salt Lake and Fort Bridger. Many thrilling experiences were encountered on these long rides, evading hostile Indians and delivering mail on schedule in spite of serious weather conditions.

After the Express was discontinued William returned to Bountiful where he worked for William Muir operating threshing machines. While there he became acquainted with Mary Ann Clark, a recent Latter-day Saint convert from Leamington, England, and after six months' courtship they were married March 24, 1863. At this time he had little knowledge of either reading or writing, but his wife was well educated, and under her patient tutelage, oftentimes by the light of sagebrush fires, he learned the rudiments of education. The young couple bought a small farm and built a one-room house. Soon after, both death and birth came to this cabin. On the 23rd of March Louisa Graves Page died, his parents having come to the Valley in 1860, and the following day their first child, Louisa, was born.

In 1872, William was called by President Young to go to Arizona on a mission. He left his wife, with five little girls, in straightened circumstances while he obediently answered the call of the Church leaders. After his return he helped make adobes and haul timber from the nearby canyons for the East Bountiful tabernacle. When South Bountiful was organized in 1877, he was selected as Assistant Superintendent of the Sunday School which office he held until the time of his death. He was active in the civic affairs of the community.

cheered and I was off with the mail. That ride was one of the longest I ever made, for all it was only to Carson City, Nevada because Indians were all around and you never knew when an arrow would swish down from the rim rock above and you wouldn't be riding anymore.

"I was mighty scared and I sure needed the strength of God that long, dark night. But I got through, although on a later ride I was chased by a band of ten painted Bannocks and got two of their arrows in me and still carry the scars. When I got back to Sacramento, the Pony Express put me on that run regular. There was an oath I had to make when they swore me in. They handed me a little leatherbound Bible, the kind they gave to all the riders and a six shooter. I was told to use the Bible all the time and the gun only in case of necessity.

"Old man Russell built an empire on such practice. People felt they could trust a man with a business built on Bible ways. I rode for the Pony Express the last five months it was alive. That was history in the making. We carried the last messages of Buchanan, news of the election of Lincoln and of the firing on Fort Sumter."

ROBERT ORR

Robert Orr was born May 10, 1835 in Kilbirnie, Ayershire, Scotland, the son of Robert and Elizabeth McQueen Orr. The parents with ten children sailed on the *Falcon* for America and arrived in Utah in the fall of 1853, converts of Mormonism. They settled in Salt Lake City where the father and older boys were employed as workers on the Salt Lake Temple. After a short time the family moved to Tooele county, making their home in Grantsville where Robert Sr. freighted to points both east and west. Robert and his brothers, Matthew and John, frequently accompanied their father and the knowledge they obtained proved a valuable asset when they assisted in the Pony Express venture. Robert is named as a Pony Express rider while other members of the family were employed at the relay stations. Sarah Eliza Wickell became the wife of Robert. After the Pony Express days were over he returned to Grantsville where he became city marshal and was well known as a musician. *Matthew Orr*, station keeper at Deep Creek, was at times a substitute rider. He was born in Scotland May 15, 1836, the sixth child of Robert Orr and Elizabeth McQueen Orr. He made his home in various places in Tooele county. Elizabeth Arthur became his wife, and his many descendants are scattered throughout the west. Nicholas Wilson in "*Uncle Nick*" *Among the Shoshones* mentions the Orr brothers as being riders of the Pony Express.

The mother of Robert and Matthew kept a store and fed many of the freighters who passed her way. She was well known to the Pony Express riders.

ington, the declaration of war by the Confederate Congress, and on other nation-shaking events.

"All night work in getting out 'extras' became an almost steady diet for the *News* staff, as the dispatches continued to ride in with the Express. By the summer of 1861, *News* 'extras' were appearing at least about every five days, according to the day-by-day diary of Elias Smith, the editor.

"In the beginning the *News* 'extras' were issued without charge, with the help of 'a few brethren' forming a club for receiving printed dispatches up to and including Lincoln's inaugural address. The club was headed by President Young. As nation-rocking reports continued to come in with the Pony Express, 'extras' were rushed to outlying settlements on the mails leaving early in the morning.

"Publishing the 'extras' (The Pony Dispatch) proved expensive and on September 14, 1861 Elias Smith and his printers worked late into the night getting out an 'extra,' which he described as 'the last that will be published for some time.' Eleven days later the weekly *News* announced that the publishing of the 'extras' would not be resumed until a sufficient number of those desiring them stepped up with the cash. The price, delivered to the subscriber, was announced as 'one dime for each Dispatch.' Meanwhile, some reports brought in by the Pony Express were read to the Saints at new conferences in Brigham Young's high ceiling schoolhouse. He was keen on alert newspapering, and once in a Tabernacle address he criticized the *News* staff for not getting the Pony dispatches before the people fast enough. At the same time he called for a network of telegraph wires through the mountain settlements, so 'that information may be communicated to all parts with lightning speed . . .'"

May 9, 1860. THE PONY EXPRESS: At half past 2 p.m. on Friday last, The Overland Express arrived from the East inside of time as usual. It travels swiftly whether it carries much news or not. We have been informed that there were only three or four letters for this place by the last trip.

June 6th: The PONY EXPRESS from the east arrived on Friday about 1 p.m. The Express from the west arrived at 10 a.m. yesterday. It brought no later dates from Carson City or California as on account of Indian disturbances, it was unable to proceed further than Diamond Springs station, 25 miles west of Ruby Valley.

July 18th. LATEST FROM THE WEST: The Express in from the west on Monday bringing little or no news further than that the Pony came through from Carson without molestation. It was believed that the hostile Indians on the route had mostly left it for the time being, not because of the presence of the troops, but to recruit their horses and prepare for future operations.

November 14th. LINCOLN ELECTED PRESIDENT: An Express from Fort Kearney on Wednesday the 7th at 12 p.m. arrived at 3:50 p.m. on Sunday with a dispatch from W. H. Russell,

president of the Pony Express company to Mr. Bell, the agent in this city, announcing that New York had given Lincoln fifty thousand majority and that his election was conceded.

The Express from the west, which arrived on Monday evening at 6 o'clock 15 m., brought a telegram from Carson City, stating that California had gone for Lincoln by two thousand majority.

On Tuesday, at 11h. 10m. a.m. The Express which left St. Joseph on the 8th at 8 a.m. arrived with dispatches confirming the election of Lincoln and the complete triumph of the Republicans in each of the free states.

March 27, 1861. MAIL AND PONY: We understand that active preparations are now being made by the superintendents and agents of the Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Express Company to put through mail and Pony in accordance with the new contract. We are informed that the Chief Superintendent of the eastern portion of the line is advancing westward as far as the Rocky Ridge station with funds necessary to meet the demands and wishes of the employees of that division, and that the western employees are to have the same attention at a very early day from their Chief Superintendent in this city. As things are presently shaping there is a fair prospect of the recent mail and Pony contract being shared by Russell and Butterfield companies and instead of a "clean sweep" of "old stock" and "old hands" nothing disparaging to either quadrupeds or bipeds, merely technical—the changes will probably only be a healthy augmentation of forces and facilities. The president of the company has issued orders to the superintendent on the way to reduce the schedule time of the Pony, from the first trip in April, to former short time.

April 3rd. NEW MAIL ARRANGEMENTS: The last Pony Express brought private advice to the city through which we learn that the contract for mail and Pony service from St. Joseph, Missouri to Placerville, California has been shared between the two companies—Russell and Butterfield. The former on the eastern division, up to this city, and the latter from this place westward. The western division of the route is somewhere about two hundred miles shorter than that of the eastern division, but the sum of half a million dollars will amply compensate for the services of both Pony and mail on either end of the route.

April 24th: PONY EXPRESS RATES: Letter rates by Pony are now reduced to Two Dollars per half ounce each way. Pony Express leaves San Francisco in ten days.

PONY EXPRESS STATIONS

East of Salt Lake City

St. Joseph	Granda	Guittard's
Kansas	Log Chain	Marysville
Kennekuk	Seneca	Hollenberg
Kickapoo Reservation	Ash Point	Little Blue

Among the experiences related by Mr. Maxfield during his days as a Pony rider, he said: "One day while going down Ash Hollow an Indian rode alongside me in an apparently friendly manner. I did not wish to show any concern but kept my eyes open. I noticed



Elijah Hiatt Maxfield

that the end of his lasso was tied to the horn of his saddle and that he held the noose open and ready to throw. Although he kept this by his side, I got an idea of his intentions; so, when the rope flew through the air with a deadly aim to ensnare me, I dodged and, instead of catching me, the rope fell over the horn of my saddle. At the same moment I drove the spurs into the side of my horse, causing him to make a great lunge. So unexpected was it that the Indian's saddle gave way and he was thrown to the ground. I did not look back but let my frightened pony have the reins as he dashed over the hills dragging the saddle after him. The next rider who came over the route told the station keeper, when he changed horses, "Say,

there's a dead Indian back there on the trail near Ash Hollow."

About 1880, Elijah moved his family to Wayne County making their home in Lyman. Their six year old daughter was the first death reported in that community. During an epidemic of diphtheria which struck the settlement in 1889, Helen Maxfield rendered valuable service by her skill in nursing. On November 2, 1892 she was made president of the first Relief Society in Lyman.

Elijah H. Maxfield died in Wayne County September 7, 1921.

CHARLES B. MILLER

Charles B. Miller, known as "Broncho Charley," tells his experiences as a rider, and the wholesome effect on these young men gained through the Bibles presented them by Russell, Majors & Waddell:

"I'll never forget the time I first rode the Pony Express, for all it happened back in 1861, in Sacramento, California. I was only eleven, when a wild galloping horse came down the dirt road with empty stirrups flapping. It was the Pony Express and the saddle was empty on account of the rider having connected with an Indian arrow. My father tossed me into the saddle and the menfolk standing around

he rode a horse bareback to Salt Lake and delivered the mail to the Old Salt Lake House which was the home station. Ephraim Hanks, his stepfather, rode back up the canyon next morning and brought in the horse which seemed none the worse for the ordeal. The people who were expecting important mail were afraid that it would not reach the city that day, and when they saw father ride in they were so elated they picked him up and carried him around the streets on their shoulders.

"While riding over the trail early one morning, coming to the edge of the timber, he noticed his horse prick up his ears, which was always a sign of danger, sometimes a rattlesnake, sometimes a wolf. Father knew that he had important mail as well as money in his saddle bag. Before he could act, his horse was caught by the bridle by two men with handkerchiefs over their faces. With quick thinking and action he put the spurs to the horse which sped quickly away from the would-be robbers. They fired several shots but the horse was a fast runner and once more he reached the station with the mail."

The days of Express riding over, Mr. Little returned to Salt Lake City. He soon met and fell in love with pretty Martha Taylor, and after a year's courtship, though not yet eighteen, he and Martha were married at the home of Emeline B. Wells, January 5, 1862. While rearing their large family they moved around a great deal, never seeming quite satisfied; until, in 1891, they moved into the Teton Basin which was truly home to them the rest of their lives. One of his outstanding enterprises was the erection and operation of the first sawmill in the Basin. This he continued for many years along with numerous other activities. He died December 15, 1915 at his home in Haden, Idaho.

ELIJAH HIETT MAXFIELD

Born November 5, 1832 on Prince Edward Island, Canada, Elijah H. Maxfield came to Utah in September 1851 with his parents John E. and Elizabeth Baker Maxfield as a convert to Mormonism. Shortly after he married Helen A. Tanner in Salt Lake City and they established their first home in the Cottonwood area. A pioneer in every sense of the word, he assisted in the cutting and hauling of timber, digging ditches and canals, fighting crickets and performing all the various labors necessary for the up-building of Zion.

Elijah was employed by the Brigham Young Express & Carrying company, and when the Pony Express was organized, became one of its swiftest and most daring riders. Listed as one of the teamsters who joined the Lot Smith company of Utah Volunteers of the United States army in Salt Lake City April 30, 1862, Elijah contributed faithful service in guarding the Overland mail and telegraph lines through Utah Territory during Civil War years.

Rock Creek
Big Sandy
Liberty Farm
Thirty-two Mile Creek
Platte River
Fort Kearney
Plum Creek
Midway
Cottonwood Springs
Fremont Springs

O'Fallon Bluff
Alkali
Beauvais Ranch
Julesburg
Lodge Pole Creek
Thirty Mile Ridge
Mud Springs
Court House
Scott's Bluff
Fort Laramie

Rocky Mountains
South Pass
Fort Bridger
Castle Rock
Brimville Emergency
Weber Station
Dixie Creek
Bauchmann's
Mountain Dell
Salt Lake City

West of Salt Lake City

Traveler's Rest
Rockwell
Joe's Dugout
Fort Crittenden
East Rush Valley
Rush Valley
Point Look Out
Simpson Springs
River Bed
Dug Way
Black Rock
Fish Springs
Willow Springs
Burnt Canyon
Ibapah
Deep Creek
Eight Mile
Antelope Springs
Spring Valley

Fort Shelbourne
Egan Canyon
Mountain Springs
Ruby Valley
Jacob's Well
Diamond Springs
Sulphur Springs
Robert's Creek
Camp Station
Dry Creek
Cape Horn
Simpson's Park
Reese River
Mount Airey
Castle Rock, Nevada
Edward's Creek
Cold Springs, Nevada
Middle Gate
Fair View

Still Water
Old River
Bisby's
Nevada
Desert Well
Dayton
Carson
Genoa
Friday's
Yonks
Strawberry
Williams
Websters
Mess
Sportsman Hall
Placerville
Folsom
Sacramento



The Salt Lake House
East Main Street between 1st and 2nd South

Salt Lake House—Captain Richard F. Burton, medalist of the Royal Geographical Society, while visiting in Salt Lake City during August and September of 1860, was a guest at this famous hotel, which also served as the Pony Express station. In his book *City of the Saints* he gave the following description of the building:

"Nearly opposite the Post Office, in a block on the eastern side, with a long veranda, supported by trimmed and painted posts, was a two-storied, pent-roofed building whose sign-board, swinging to a tall, gibbet-like flag-staff, dressed for the occasion, announced it to be the Salt Lake House, the principal, if not the only establishment of the kind in New Zion. In the far west one learns not to expect much of the hostelry, I had not seen aught so grand for many a day. Its depth is greater than its frontage, and behind it, secured by a porte cochere, is a large yard for corralling cattle. A rough-looking crowd of drivers, drivers' friends and idlers, almost every man openly armed with a revolver and bowie-knife, gathered round the doorway to greet Jim, and 'prospect the new Lot;' and the host came out to assist us in transporting our scattered effects."

Joseph Dorton was born June 5, 1821 in Stockport, Cheshire, England, the son of John Dorton and Catherine Karl. He married Emma Bemus and soon after they came to America settling in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Coming in contact with Mormon Elders, John Taylor and Angus Cannon, they were soon converted and baptized. The Dortons came to Utah in *Captain Israel Evans* handcart company arriving in Salt Lake City September 11, 1857. For a time they made their home in Salt Lake City, then moved to Lehi, Utah county where Joseph opened a butcher shop in the old Co-op Store. In April, 1858 he married Martha Clayton.

When Mr. Dorton learned of the coming operations of the Pony Express, he immediately journeyed to Salt Lake City seeking permission to build stables in which to house some of the horses used along the route. He was warned by friends of the danger connected with such an enterprise, because of the hostile bands of Indians in the vicinity of the location he had selected. However, he went ahead with his plans, built a two-room brick house for the family and a log barn for the ponies. These were situated about eight miles between Lehi and Camp Floyd on the Fairfield road. He also made a dugout for an Indian boy whom he hired to feed, water and curry the ponies. In connection with this business Joseph operated a small grocery store, and Martha made cakes, pies and bread to sell to the soldiers stationed at Camp Floyd. Ofttimes they exchanged buffalo robes for these delicacies. Water was hauled from the lake and sold for 25 cents a bucket.

close to the bank and turn him, I could not. I had just thrown my feet out of the stirrup to throw myself off when the horse turned. I only had a snaffle bit. The remainder of the distance to the station he just flew to please me.

I was at Bear River when Captain Burton passed and was one of the riders he mentioned in his *City of the Saints*. The longest ride I made was at a time when the express did not connect. I forget the date but it was late in July of 1860 or the beginning of August. I started as usual about ten Monday and rode to Bear River, 80 miles. Tuesday at 10 o'clock another express came and I had to take it on east. I rode to Haws Fort, 65 miles before I found another to take it, and at sunrise the eastern express came and I rode back to Bear River, 65 miles, and ate a hasty breakfast, then rode to East Canyon Creek and ate dinner gotten up by our mutual friends Guglielmo (Sangiovanni) and James McDonald; from there to Salt Lake City by 7 o'clock p.m., being 145 miles that day, lacking two or three hours of 48 in which time I had ridden 200 miles, and was not tired, for I very well remember taking a walk with my best girl that evening.

Another time the express came wrong and I had to take it west to Faust Station in Rush Valley, I believe 75 miles. In September I left the company to go to England on a mission and as we passed Big or Little Sandy an express rider had been thrown, his legs broken, with no surgeon nearer than Fort Bridger. Our esteemed citizen, John Kay being in the party, he set the boy's legs and we drove on.—*Thomas Owen King*

Original letter on file in D.U.P. Museum contributed by Faun and H. E. King.

GEORGE EDWIN LITTLE

George Edwin Little was a child of three when he came to Utah with his widowed mother, Harriet A. (Decker) Little in the Jedediah Grant company of October 2, 1847. His father, Edwin Little, had been buried at Richardson Point on the Missouri River in 1846, a victim of pneumonia, shortly after the exodus of the Saints from Nauvoo, Illinois.

When George was nearly sixteen years of age he was hired as a Pony Express rider, his run lying between Salt Lake City and Rocky Ridge. In relating some of his experiences as a rider his daughter, Estella, contributed this information. "One day father was bringing in the mail from the east to the station at Mountain Dell. He was riding a little bay horse, weighing about nine hundred pounds and about six or eight years old. There was a heavy snowstorm came up, and crossing over Little Mountain, the snow became so heavy and deep that his horse gave out and he had to leave him. He took his pocket knife and cut the mail pouch open putting the mail inside his shirt. Then he broke a trail over to Mountain Dell, arriving there about 3 o'clock in the morning. The next morning

and *George Leonard*, with a lot of horses, to stock the road from Salt Lake to Fort Bridger. Stopped at Snyder's sawmill, Parley's Fork, that night and next day to the mouth of Echo Canyon where I stopped, that being my home station. I was to ride to Bear River, 45 miles. On the 7th of April, at noon, the long expected Pony Express came. I forgot if I had dinner or not, but it took but a minute or two before I was in the saddle and off. My first ride was 20 miles up Echo grade, slow at first and increased speed as I went, gave my horse one or two breathing spells. I went into the station with a yell as though I was running for the derby. The yell brought out "Frenchy" with my other horse. The change being made, I rode to Bed-bug Cave, 5 miles, when it commenced snowing; here the snow was deep which had not as yet thawed and there was only a trail made by mules carrying the U.S. mail to follow. If you got off out of the trail down you went belly deep to a horse, and perhaps deeper according to the lay of the ground you happened to get off at. It was all up hill and if I could only reach the top before the trail filled up I did not care, as I thought I could tumble down through it in some shape going down for I knew it was pretty steep.

In a letter home of May 30, 1860, that I have preserved, I find that I lost my way in the snowstorm after the trail filled up and for ten miles the snow was deep but I made schedule time. I got to Bear River at 4 o'clock then *George Leonard* took it, but only to ride out, someone else brought it back. Then rode from Weber to Muddy, 60 miles.

I see in my letter about the 24th of April I started from Weber at 8 o'clock p.m. and arrived at the Muddy at a quarter of two next morning. I laid down in an old wagon until sunrise, got breakfast and at 12 the exchange came and I started back and arrived at the Weber at half past five, riding 120 miles in 22½ hours, minus the time I stopped at the Muddy. May 1st I started from the Weber at 12 at night and arrived at Millersville, May 2nd at a quarter to eight a.m.

After the semi-weekly was put on my ride was from Salt Lake City to Bear River, a distance of 80 miles. When it came on time I started from Salt Lake City about nine or ten p.m. arriving at Bear River about sunrise. *Henry Worley* rode the other express and we would often pass each other fast asleep, but on our horses going at the usual rate. On one trip, I shall never forget it, before getting to Echo Canyon going east, there is quite a wide and level space from half a mile to a mile wide between the high bluffs and the Weber. In the distance I saw a wagon coming. It was about 12 o'clock at night. I was riding a horse that had only been ridden a few times. Not thinking, I got between the wagon and the river to pass, when something scared him and taking the bit in his teeth he started for the river. Here I knew the bank of the river to be at least 20 feet to the water. In less time than it takes to write it, I knew I must be

After there was no further need for the ponies and Camp Floyd was abandoned, Joseph moved his family back to Lehi. He was 78 years of age at the time of his death.

Weber Stage and Pony Express Station—In the summer of 1853, the first stone was placed for the building which was later to become famous as the Weber Stage and Pony Express Station. Its twenty-six inch walls were considered unsafe in 1931 and the old building was removed, but in the five pockets that were discovered built in the walls were uncovered a \$5 gold piece dated 1847, a few pieces of small change, an old letter from a son and daughter to their "Dear Parents," dated 1873, a pair of gold glasses, a light-weight pony express rider's gun case and a parchment such as the Pony Express mail first used, written from an eastern girl to her pony express rider sweetheart, which today is clear and legible.

James E. Bromley, who came to Utah in July, 1854, and settled at the mouth of Echo Canyon, was placed in charge of the monthly mail, driving a mail coach and six mules, with changes at Laramie, Kearney and Bridger. He remained with the Overland Stage Company until 1856.

In the spring of 1857, Mr. Bromley went to work for J. M. Hockaday who had been to Washington and had the mail route restored between Atchison and Salt Lake City. He says: "I was put in charge of the road; I bought mules, built stations, fought Indians, and did everything that came in the line of my duty. I started from Atchison, and as I got one division in order, I was sent to the next, until, finally, I was permanently located on the Salt Lake division; having charge of the road from Pacific Springs to Salt Lake City, until the spring of 1864. In 1860, the Pony Express was put on. I bought the horses in Salt Lake, to stock the line to Fort Laramie, and hired many of Utah's young men to ride them. Nobly and well did they do their work."

Rush Valley: H. J. Faust, keeper of the Pony Express Station in Rush Valley was a native of Germany. When he was eight years of age he came with his parents to the United States and settled in Missouri. At the time of the Sutter Creek gold strike in 1849, Mr. Faust was one of the first to emigrate from what was then the middle west. He was not successful enough in this venture to hold him in California for long and, in 1851, having been attracted by the prospects which Utah presented, and by the fact that he had joined the Mormon Church, came to this state. During these early years he was given the nickname which clung to him for life. Having decided upon a medical career, with surgery the goal, he was engaged in zealous study when the lure of gold proved too strong to resist. While he did not receive the coveted title of doctor the shorter title of "Doc" was bestowed upon him. He was born June 18, 1833.



H. J. Faust

In the early 1850's he was commissioned by Brigham Young to carry the mail between Utah and California. He was then twenty-one years of age. Two men had met death within a year, massacred by Indians; there were deserts and mountains to be crossed and never more than one man accompanied the mail besides the driver. However, "Doc" Faust accepted the assignment and during the half dozen years of his service had many thrilling experiences.

During his residence in Fillmore he was engaged as a mail carrier, and, in 1860, when the Pony Express came into existence, he accepted a position under Mayor Howard Egan as a station keeper. It often devolved upon him to carry the mail when a substitute rider was needed in an emergency. While living at the Rush Valley station Faust and his wife had a narrow escape from death by the hands of Indians in that locality.

Mrs. Faust had taken a liking to certain squaws and had given them several "pale face" pies. A few became very ill, being unused to pastry, and the braves imagined that "bad medicine" had been placed in the pies. The leader of the tribe, accompanied by many tribesmen, came to the station and informed the Fausts that they were going to die because the pies had made the squaws so ill. First, they insisted that Mrs. Faust cook food for them which she was about to do when her husband interfered. He informed the chief that if they were to die they were prepared to do so, but would do no favors for their killers. In the distance, over Point Lookout, "Doc" Faust could see the dust of approaching horsemen and knew if he could parley long enough help would arrive. Not long after Chief Pe Awnum, of a friendly tribe, rode up with his braves. His intervention saved the lives of the Fausts.

One of "Doc" Faust's most pleasant remembrances while living at the station was the visit of Horace Greeley, editor of the New York Tribune who was on a trip across the continent. Knowing that Mr. Greeley would very likely bury himself in books and not wish to carry on a conversation, Mr. Faust took great care to see that all the tallow candles were hidden, leaving the house in darkness. Mr.



Thos. O. King with dagger

Salt Lake and Bear Lake, Idaho. As a young man, Mr. King was engaged in surveying work in Sanpete Valley and along the Sevier River; but his chief occupation was that of farmer and stockraiser. In the late 1860's he filled a four year mission to Great Britain where he served as president of the Bedfordshire Conference. Dorcas Debenham became his wife in 1868. She bore him eight children. Ten years later Thomas moved his family to Cassia County, Idaho where he remained for two years, and where he took up a ranch for himself on the present site of Almo. Ordained a High Priest he was set apart to preside over the Almo Ward. Bishop King died November 16, 1921

at Almo after many years of service to his church and to his community. The following is an account of his experiences.

H. Y. Faust Esq:

By your request I will try and write you a short outline of my early life in the Pony Express. I am full of regrets that I can only give it to you from memory. If we, who came in early years to this then desert country, had only kept journals, what romance or rather what romances might have been written (but then who would have believed it). The very paper needed to write upon was too scarce in those early days—I mean before the express or rather before 1858. Excuse this digression. What if we had all written the incidents of our drives in those days—now they would read like romances and some most thrilling ones at that.

In 1855 I went to Carson Valley as a guard for Judge Hyde. In the fall of the same year I went to Humboldt Well to arrest Alfred Haws accused of murder. In the fall of 1856, I went on a government surveying expedition under Charles Moga, and then again with him in the spring of 1857. In May of the same year, I joined Brigham Young's Express Company. Just before spring broke in 1858 I was called out with a large company to follow Indians west who had run off with a lot of horses. After being out several days we lost their trail in a blinding snowstorm.

In March of 1860 I was engaged by A. B. Miller to ride the Pony Express. About the 20th I started with Mr. Miller, *Henry Worley*

ping my bridle reins on the neck of the horse, putting my Sharp's rifle at full cock, and keeping my spurs into the pony's flanks; he went through the forest 'like a streak of greased lightning.'

"At the top of the hill I dismounted to rest my horse, and upon looking around, I saw the bushes moving in several places. As there were no cattle or game in this vicinity, I knew the movements to be caused by Indians, and was more positive of it when, after firing several shots at the spot where I saw the bushes in motion, all agitation ceased. Several days after that two United States soldiers, who were on the way to their command, were shot and killed from the ambush of those bushes and stripped of their clothing.

"One of my rides was the longest on the route. I refer to the road between Cold Springs and Sand Springs, thirty-seven miles, and not a drop of water. One day I trotted into Sand Springs covered with dust and perspiration. Before I reached the station I saw a number of men running toward me all carrying rifles, and one of them with a wave of his hand, said, 'All right, you pooty good boy—you go.' I did not need a second order and as quickly as possible rode out of their presence, looking back however as long as they were in sight and keeping my rifle handy.

"It was a marvel that the 'Pony boys' were not all killed. There were only four men at each station and the Indians, who were then hostile, roamed over the country in bands of from thirty to a hundred. What I consider my most narrow escape from death was being shot at by a lot of fool immigrants, who, when I took them to task about it on my return trip, excused themselves by saying, 'We thought you were an Indian.'"

THOMAS OWEN KING

Born in Dornford, Cambridgeshire, England April 27, 1840 Thomas Owen King, son of Thomas King and Hannah Tapfield, crossed the ocean in the ship *Golconda* in the year 1853 with his parents as a convert to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Although his father never accepted Mormonism he came to Utah with his family, providing a beautiful carriage drawn by two white horses for their journey across the plains. The family consisted of himself, wife and four children.

Early in 1857, Thomas, then seventeen years of age, was employed by the Brigham Young Express Company carrying mail and express across the plains. During the Johnston Army episode he remained on active duty serving under John D. T. McAllister and Thomas Rich at Fort Bridger, Green River, Fort Supply and at Hams Fork.

In 1860 Thomas King was engaged by the Pony Express as a rider delivering mail from Fort Bridger to Weber Station. After the Express was discontinued he was hired to carry mail between

Greeley, unable to read, then made a delightful companion for the remainder of the evening with interesting accounts of his travels.

Mr. Faust left the station in 1870 and came to Salt Lake City where he went into the livery stable business and also acquired several other pieces of valuable property. Most of his holdings were swept away in the panic of 1873, but every cent he owed was paid in full. Later he traded his ranch to Porter Rockwell for eighty head of cattle and during the years brought many blooded stock into the territory. His last years were spent in Deep Creek, Tooele Valley, engaged in mining activities. The site of his home was a spot where he had once found water after forty-eight hours of suffering from desert thirst.

The name of "Doc" Faust will always be closely associated with the Deseret Agricultural & Manufacturing Society. Death was due to a heart seizure while on a business trip to Los Angeles, California. He was seventy three years of age.

Ruby Valley Station: Frederick William Hurst was the keeper of the Pony Express station in Ruby Valley about 375 miles west of Salt Lake City. He was one of a family of eleven children and joined the Latter-day Saint Church while living in New Zealand. After filling a mission to Australia and Hawaii, he came to Utah, and during the months the Express was in operation Mr. Hurst was placed in charge of this important station. The Indians in the vicinity at that time were very hostile since they felt that the white man was usurping their lands and food supplies. The winter was exceptionally severe and many of the tribesmen and their families were dying of cold and hunger. Mr. Hurst believed in the policy of Brigham Young—that of feeding the Indians rather than fighting them—and being a naturally kind hearted man he desired to help alleviate their sufferings. Many times he gave the Indians who came to the station bread and also a sort of poi he had learned to make on the Islands. At Christmas time he gave them a special treat of a large plum pudding which he had steamed in cloth sacks over a bonfire. The Indians were deeply appreciative of these acts of kindness and often warned him of hostile bands who were bent on destroying the station. Thus he had time to secure proper defense.

GREAT MEN OF THE PONY EXPRESS

Bolivar Roberts was hired by Russell, Majors & Waddell as superintendent of the Western Division, stationed at Carson City, Nevada, and was given the responsibility of selecting the riders and the ponies. He was well acquainted with every mile of the trail between Sacramento, California and Salt Lake City, Utah and his knowledge of the terrain between these points was of utmost importance to the firm. The son of *Daniel Roberts* and *Eliza Aldula*



Bolivar Roberts

father was a physician and surgeon, at one time wealthy, but the family had been on the move so often, at this period they were in moderate circumstances.

The journey westward was comparatively uneventful, though Bolivar, who was the principal hunter for the company, had some narrow escapes while hunting buffalo. Arriving in Utah, he took up his residence in Provo, and there his parents, with most of their children, settled in the fall of 1851. In the spring of 1852 Bolivar accompanied his father and brother William to California, taking the northern route around Great Salt Lake and down the Humboldt. They resided at various times in Placerville, San Jose and San Bernardino where the father practiced his profession and Bolivar and William engaged in mining. Soon after Dr. Roberts returned to his old home in Missouri. After some experience in farming, placer mining and lumbering, William returned to Utah in 1855 and a year later Bolivar followed. He then went to work for the Mail & Express Company between Salt Lake City, Utah and Carson City, Nevada, holding positions of trust and responsibility. In 1859, he located at Dayton, Nevada where he built a toll bridge across the Carson River. In the spring of 1860, he took the position of superintendent of the Pony Express and during the eighteen months of its existence conscientiously and efficiently carried out the duties entrusted to him.

Returning to Utah in 1863, he settled in Salt Lake City and that same year married Pamela Benson, daughter of Ezra T. Benson of Logan. Five children were born of this union. During the Indian depredations in the territory, Mr. Roberts took an active part, and at one time was in charge of a company of scouts. From 1864 to 1868 he was junior partner in the mercantile establishment of

Clark, he was born at Winchester, Scott County, Illinois, July 4, 1831. He came to Utah when nineteen years of age, preceding his father, mother and other members of the family with whom he had lived successively at Winchester, Milton, Galena and near Quincy, Illinois; Garden Grove, Iowa and Lancaster, Missouri. It was from this last named place that he started early in the spring of 1850, to cross the plains. His outfit consisted of a horse, saddle and bridle and he traveled in a company commanded by David Evans. His

Colorado where he was prominently identified with the mining business as an engineer.

The following is Mr. Kelley's own story of the eventful days when he was station keeper and later when he rode the trail carrying dispatches:

"I was a Pony Express rider in 1860. To begin with we had to build willow roads, corduroy fashion, across many of the places along the Carson River, carrying bundles of willows two or three hundred yards in our arms. The mosquitoes were so thick that it was difficult to tell whether the man was white or black, so thickly were they piled on the neck, face and arms. Arriving at the sink of the Carson River, we began the erection of a fort to protect us from the Indians. As there were no rocks or logs in that vicinity, it was built with adobes made from the mud on the shores of the lake. To mix this and get it to the proper consistency to mold into adobes, we tromped all day in our bare feet. This we did a week or more, and the mud being strongly impregnated with alkali carbonate of soda, you can imagine the condition of our feet. They were much swollen and resembled hams. We next built a fort at Sand Springs twenty miles from Carson Lake, another at Cold Springs, thirty-seven miles east of Sand Springs. At the latter station I was assigned to duty as assistant station-keeper under Jim McNaughton.

"The war against the Piute Indians was then at its height, and as we were in the middle of their country, it became necessary for us to keep a standing guard night and day. The Indians were often skulking around, but none of them ever came near enough for us to get a shot, 'till one dark night when I was on guard, I noticed one of our horses prick up his ears and stare. I looked in the direction indicated and saw an Indian's head projecting above the wall. My instructions were to shoot if I saw an Indian within rifle range, as that would wake the boys quicker than anything else. I fired and missed the man. Later on we saw the Indians' campfires on the mountains and in the morning many tracks. They evidently intended to stampede our horses and, if necessary, kill us. The next day one of our riders, a Mexican, rode into camp with a bullet hole through him from the left to the right side, having been shot by Indians while coming down Edwards Creek in the Quaking Asp Bottom. He was tenderly cared for but he died before surgical aid could reach him.

"As I was the lightest man at the station, I was ordered to take the Mexican's place. Two days after taking the route, on my return trip, I had to ride through the forest of quaking aspen where the Mexican had been shot. A trail had been cut through these little trees, just wide enough to allow the horse and rider to pass. As the road was crooked, and the branches came together from either side just above my head when mounted, it was impossible for me to see ahead for more than ten or fifteen yards, and it was two miles through the forest. I expected to have trouble and prepared for it by drop-

horse, which was always used out of St. Joe to the Troy Station, nine miles from Ellwood, he bounded out of the office door and down the hill at full speed, when the cannon was fired again to let the boat know that the pony had started, and it was then that all St. Joe, great and small were on the sidewalks to see the pony go by, and particularly so on the route that they knew the pony was sure to take. We always rode out of town with silver mounted trappings decorating both man and horse and regular uniforms with plated horn, pistol, scabbard and belt, etc. and gay flower-worked leggings and plated jingling spurs resembling, for all the world, a fantastic circus rider. This was all changed, however, as soon as we got on the boat. We had a room in which to change and to leave the trappings until our return. If we returned in the night, a skiff or yawl was always ready and a man was there to row us across the river, and to put the horse in a little stable on the bank opposite St. Joseph. Each rider had a key to the stable. The next day we would go to the boat, cross the river, bring our regular horse and our trappings across to the St. Joe side. We stayed in St. Joe about three days and in Seneca about the same length of time, but this depended pretty much on the time that we received the mail from the west. The Pony Express was never started with a view to making it a paying investment. It was a put-up job to change the then Overland mail route which was running through Arizona on the southern route, to run by way of Denver and Salt Lake City, where Ben Holladay had a stage line running tri-weekly to Denver and weekly to Salt Lake.

The object of the Pony Express was to show the authorities at Washington that by way of Denver and Salt Lake to Sacramento was the shortest route, and the job worked successfully, and Ben Holladay secured the mail contract from the Missouri to Salt Lake, and the old southern route people took it from Salt Lake to Sacramento. As soon as this was accomplished and the contract awarded, the pony was taken off, it having fulfilled its mission. Perhaps the war also had much to do with changing the route at that time.

JAY G. KELLEY

Boliver Roberts, western superintendent of the Pony Express, hired Jay G. Kelley to help establish relay stations as far east as Roberts Creek because of his knowledge of the surrounding country. For a time he served as assistant station keeper at Cold Springs, but, early in 1860, one of the riders was killed by Indians and Kelley, weighing only one hundred pounds, became an express rider for the duration. After the "Pony" days were over Jay became a captain of Company C. in the later years of the Civil War and when peace was again restored between the North and South, he went to Denver,

Bassett and Roberts, and after closing out as a merchant became a contractor on the Central Pacific railroad.

In March, 1866, Mr. Roberts was appointed by Governor Murray, treasurer of the Territory of Utah. Two years previous to this time he had served as city councilor. His interests also included banking, being a director of the Deseret National Bank, Utah National Bank and the Utah Commercial & Savings Bank and also president of a local building, loan and trust company. After the loss of his wife and a son, Bolivar, Jr., Mr. Robert's health began to fail, and on August 10, 1893 he passed away at his home on East First South Street in Salt Lake City. Unlike his parents and other members of his family, Mr. Roberts was not connected with the Latter-day Saint Church, but his interests were closely identified with its people and many of his personal friends were members of that body. William said of him: "From the time he left the Missouri River, he was always where duty called and never flinched on account of hardships or danger. He was generous to a fault and would not only divide his last crust of bread with a friend, but would do the same for an enemy if he knew he was in need. During the Indian troubles between here and Carson Valley, he was always on the road, superintending the mail and sometimes carrying it himself when other were afraid to do so. He and I were together most of the time while he was in California; we worked and 'kept batch' together; and I can say that a truer man to what he thought was right never lived. He had no enemies that I know of, but hosts of friends, among whom his word was as good as his bond."



Major Howard Egan

Major Howard Egan, one of the original pioneers, and the man who played such an important part in the operations of the Pony Express in Utah, was born June 15, 1815 in Tullamore, Kings County, Ireland. His mother died when he was eight years of age and soon after the father migrated with his family to Montreal, Canada. Five years later he died. During his youth Howard became a sailor and followed the sea until he was twenty-three years of age. Subsequently, he went to Salem, Massachusetts where he accepted a position with Mr. Chisholm, a rope maker in that city. In 1842, Howard and his wife Tamson Parshley, accepted the

principles of Mormonism through the teachings of Elder Erastus Snow and immediately made their way to Nauvoo, Illinois. Here Mr. Egan erected a rope factory, and also took an active part in the building of the city, following closely the teachings and advice of the prophet Joseph Smith. He became a member of the Nauvoo police and a major in the Nauvoo Legion from which time on he was known as Major Howard Egan.

After the exodus of the Mormons from Nauvoo, Major Egan took his little family to Winter Quarters. Probably his first job as a mail carrier occurred November 21, 1846 "when John D. Lee and Howard Egan returned to Council Bluffs bringing with them a mail of 282 letters and, according to Brigham Young, with an additional \$4,000 of Battalion money."

In the spring of 1847, Major Egan accompanied the first company of Saints to the Valley under the leadership of Brigham Young. He helped haul logs from the canyon for the building of the fort and later that summer returned to the States for his family. Upon their arrival in the Great Basin in the spring of 1848 he established his family in the Old Fort, but, in April, 1849 they moved into an adobe house located on the second lot south of First North and Main Streets in Salt Lake City.

Sometime during the latter part of 1848, or early 1849, Major Egan went east carrying the mail and to assist in bringing another company of Saints across the plains including other members of his family. While there he was approached by the leaders of the Eastern Branch of the Church, Orson Hyde, George A. Smith and Ezra T. Benson to supervise the transporting of a printing press to the Valley. He was given a letter of instructions which stated "that the wagon not only contained the printing press and supplies, but it also contained an old Dutch clock, a picker, a box of German books and another containing stationery. The largest wagon contained about 2400 pounds, another 1800 pounds and the third not over 1600 pounds."

Major Egan's group left early in May, carrying the mail along with the Church property. As soon as they reached the Green River, he rode ahead with the mail and to get fresh teams to help with the pull across the mountains. Within ten days he was back, meeting the company in Echo Canyon and a week later they entered Salt Lake City. According to secular history there were three routes of travel between Salt Lake City and California—the northern, the central and the southern. The first ran around the northern end of the Great Salt Lake and, after crossing the western desert, followed the Humboldt valley. It was the preferred route because grass and water were plentiful, and there were only two small tracts of desert to cross. The southern route was used by Egan, Hunt and Rich while guiding the forty-niners to California in 1849. The central route, known to the settlers of Utah as Egan's Trail, and to California

could not stand the hardships and retired after about two months trial and died within six months after retiring. John Frye was the second rider, and I was third, and Gus Cliff was the fourth. I made the longest ride without a stop, only to change horses. It was said to be 300 miles and was done a few minutes inside of twenty-four hours. I do not vouch for the distance being correct as I only have it from the division superintendent, A. E. Lewis, who said that the distance given was taken by his English roadmeter which was attached to the front wheel of his buggy which he used to travel over his division with and which was from St. Joe to Fort Kearney. The ride was made from Big Sandy to Ellwood, opposite St. Joe, carrying the east going mail, and returning with the westbound mail to Seneca without a stop, not taking time to eat, but eating my lunch as I rode. No one else came within sixty miles of equaling this ride and their time was much slower. The Pony Express, if I remember correctly started at 6 o'clock p.m., April 3, 1860, with Alex Carlyle riding a nice brown mare and the people came near taking all the hair out from the poor beast's tail for souvenirs. His ride was to Guittards, 125 miles from St. Joe. He rode this once a week. The mail started as a weekly delivery and then was increased to semi-weekly inside of two months. The horses, or relays, were supposed to be placed only ten miles apart, and traveled a little faster than ten miles per hour so as to allow time to change, but this could not always be done, as it was difficult then in the early settlement of the country to find places where one could get feed and shelter for man and beast, and sometimes horses had to go twenty-five to thirty miles, but in such cases there were more horses placed at such stations to do the work, and they did not go as often as the horses on the shorter runs. At the start the men rode from 100 to 215 miles, but after the semi-weekly started they rode about 75 to 80 miles. My ride and those of the other boys out of St. Joe was 125 miles to Guittard's, but later we only rode to Seneca, eighty miles. The first pony started from the one-story brick express office on the east side of Third Street, between Felix and Edmond streets, but the office was afterwards moved to the Patee House.

At 7 o'clock a.m., we were ordered from the stables two blocks east of the Patee House which was the signal for the ferry boat to come from Ellwood and to lie in waiting at the landing until our arrival. We rode into the office and put on the mail, which consisted of four small leather sacks six by twelve inches, fastened onto a square holder which was put over the saddle. The sacks were locked with little brass locks much like one sees today on dog collars, and the sacks were sewed to the holders, one in front and one behind each leg of the rider. When the mail was put on and the rider mounted on his race

turesque characters of the mining business in early days. He was seventy-one years of age at the time of his death. Known in almost



Jack Keetley

every mining camp in the west his adventures could fill a volume. The famous Last Chance property at Bingham was purchased from the original locator by Mr. Keetley for a horse and saddle, and he paid for building a cabin on the claim with a six shooter. After working the property for a year Mr. Keetley sold it for \$17,000. Since then the claim yielded about \$1,000,000 worth of ore. In the early seventies he was associated with mining operations in Little Cottonwood and later he went to Deadwood, South Dakota where he was manager of the Sir Roderick Dhu mine in 1877. Returning to Utah he was placed in charge of the Ontario drain tunnel No. 1 at Park City in 1881, and superintended the extension of the tunnel to the No. 3 shaft. Afterward he went to the Anglo-Saxon mine in Butte, Montana, then to the Kentucky mine in Shoup, Idaho, returning to Park City to take charge of the Ontario drain tunnel No. 2 in 1888. He also became associated with the Little Bell and Silver King Consolidated mines in that district. The little mining town of Keetley was named in his honor. He was a great lover of horses and owned some fine racing stock.

During the days of the Pony Express Jack was one of its most colorful riders, often being called "The Joyous Jockey." He was born November 28, 1841 and was reared in Marysville, Kansas. He rode the ponies the entire life of the Express. In later years he wrote the following letter in answer to a request concerning the riders of the Pony Express:

Mr. Huston Wyeth,
St. Joseph, Missouri.

Dear Sir:

Yours of the 17th inst. received and in reply will say that Alex Carlyle was the first man to ride the Pony Express out of St. Joe. He was a nephew of the superintendent of the stage line to Denver, called the Pike's Peak Express. The superintendent's name was Ben Ficklin. Carlyle was a consumptive and

emigrants as the Simpson route, veered only a few miles from forty degrees north latitude until it reached Hastings pass in the Humboldt mountains, where it branched off in a southwesterly direction toward Carson Lake and Carson River, then from Carson City south to Genoa and on into California.

Major Egan was employed by Livingston and Kinkead for a few years driving stock to California and afterwards became the mail agent. He made his headquarters at Deep Creek, a post on the mail route which he had established in 1853, while engaged in driving stock.

There were fifty-six stations marked on the Egan or Overland Trail covering a distance of 658 miles. He mapped potential sites for approximately fifty-six towns along the Egan Trail. Some of them were only important as relay stations for the Overland mail; but others, such as Rush Valley, Ruby Valley and Deep Creek were good farming areas. Besides having established a relay station for the Overland Mail at Deep Creek, he also opened a store selling general merchandise. Most of the farm labor was done by Indians, so that Major Egan could apply himself to the more serious work of running the Overland Mail. Soon after he had mapped out the Egan Trail, he went into partnership with W. G. Chorpennig who had a mail contract from Salt Lake to California.

With the inception of the Pony Express on April 3, 1860 Howard Egan again made great contributions to frontier life. The Egan Trail became the route traveled by the express for three hundred miles. His jurisdiction as an officer included all of the Utah route. He contributed much to the organization through his valuable experience as a pioneer, trail blazer, and stage coach driver. He also rode the ponies when necessity demanded it. He is credited with bringing the first Pony Express mail into Salt Lake City, riding a distance of seventy-five miles from Rush Valley on April 8, 1860, carrying four pouches on which were written "Overland Pony Express." He was confident that his riders could make as good time as any one on the route, but had gone to Rush Valley to make sure. Howard Ranson Egan tells the story of his father's famous ride:

"When all was supposed to be ready and the time figured out when the first Express should arrive in Salt Lake City from the east, they thought on account of the level country to run over, they would be able to make better time on the eastern division than on the western from Salt Lake to California. Therefore, the two riders that were to run between Salt Lake and Rush Valley were kept at the city. Father, alone of all the officers of the line, thought his boys would make a record as good as the best and if they did there would be no rider at Rush Valley to carry the Express on to the city. So, to be on the safe side, Father went himself to Rush Valley. And sure enough his boys delivered the goods

as he expected, and he started on his first ride. It was a stormy afternoon but all went well with him till on the home stretch.

"The pony on this run was a very swift, fiery and fractious animal. The night was so dark that it was impossible to see the road, and there was a strong wind blowing from the north, carrying a sleet that cut his face while trying to look ahead. But as long as he could hear the pony's feet pounding the road, he sent him ahead with full speed. All went well, but when he got to Mill Creek, which was covered by a plank bridge, he heard the pony's feet strike the bridge and the next instant pony and rider landed in the creek, which wet Father above the knees; but the next instant, with one spring, the little brute was out and pounding the road again and very soon put the surprise on the knowing ones."

Major Howard Egan remained at Deep Creek as Superintendent of the Overland Mail until May 10, 1869. During this year the railroad was completed on the northern route, north of Salt Lake, leaving Deep Creek almost entirely out of the general line of traffic. After performing missionary labors among the Goshute Indians in 1874-75, he returned to Salt Lake City where he resided with his family in the old home until his death in 1878.

Benjamin Ficklin played a significant role in the beginning of the Pony Express as he was route superintendent, first for the Leavenworth & Pike's Peak Express and later for the Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Express Company. Utah's history takes note of his activity as one of a surveying party chosen to locate the United States wagon trail from South Pass to Salt Lake City. Following a disagreement with William H. Russell, Mr. Ficklin resigned his position and worked with the Pacific Telegraph Company. He became an officer in the Confederate Army. Death occurred in Washington, D.C.

William Finney, one of the incorporators of the Pony Express, had his office in San Francisco where he was placed in charge of many of the details and business interests of the firm.

A. B. Miller, one of the agents for Mr. Russell, resided in Salt Lake City and laid claim to the fact that he and others drew plans for carrying the mail by a relay of horses long before the Pony Express was inaugurated. In this vast organization there were many others who ably assisted in this daring enterprise.

among the redmen seeking peaceful solutions to the many disputes between the Indians and the white settlers.

In June, 1855, Lot, in company with Oliver Boardman Huntington, and thirty-nine other men, started south and east to the Elk Mountains to open a mission. On September 2, 1856 he accompanied a group of men, his uncle included, on an exploring expedition to the west and out into the desert. Here Lot became an expert horseman and gained a knowledge of the terrain which proved valuable to him during his 'Pony' days. In October, 1861, he married Naomi Gibson. Upon his return to Salt Lake City he served for a short time as bodyguard to Brigham Young. He died from the effects of a gunshot wound January 16, 1862 at the age of eighteen years.

Clark Allen Huntington was born December 6, 1831 in Watertown, New York. He also took part in the migrations of the Saints from New York to Kirtland, Ohio; thence to Nauvoo, Illinois, participating in the exodus of the Mormons from that city and the subsequent journey across the plains to Utah in 1847. In 1852, Clark Allen married Rosanna Galoway in Salt Lake City. In 1857 he served as a scout for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at Lee's Ferry, later being employed by Warren Johnson at the ferry. He returned to Salt Lake City where he was employed by Mr. Egan as a rider for the Pony Express. Mr. Huntington's later years were spent in Kanab, Utah where he passed away at the home of Mr. Johnson and was interred in the Kanab cemetery.

WILLIAM JAMES

William James was born in Lynchburg, Virginia in 1843. He crossed the plains to Utah with his parents when he was only five years of age. At the age of eighteen he was hired by Major Howard Egan, having become closely associated with that family, as a rider for the Pony Express. His route lay between Simpson Park and Cold Springs, Nevada in the Smoky Valley range of mountains. He rode only sixty miles each way, but covered his round trip of one hundred and twenty miles in twelve hours, including the time out for change of horses and meals. William always rode the California mustangs using five of these animals each way. The route which he covered crossed the summit of two mountain ridges and lay through Shoshone Indian country which, at that time, was considered one of the loneliest and most dangerous divisions of the line. "Bill" as he was known by the other riders performed his mission courageously, and fortunately did not run into any serious problems during his months as a rider.—*Effie Warnick*

JOHN KEETLEY

With the death of John H. Keetley at his home in Salt Lake City October 2, 1912, there passed from sight one of the most pic-

was so scared in all my life. My heart seemed to jump to my mouth. I leaned over and ran my horse as fast as he could go. I expected to be shot every second—but no shot came. Some years later I was in Lehi, Utah, at the time the Indians were making trouble. My horse was shot from under me and Port Rockwell generously gave me an iron gray horse. It was the best I ever owned."

Being a very capable man William Hickman was selected to help carry the mail to the states as evidenced in this letter written by Brigham Young February 5, 1857: "A contract for carrying the mail from the states to this place for four years has been offered Hyrum Kimball; he will not be able to start it this month and has transferred it subject to my orders and counsel. We shall send the February mail by William A. Hickman and others, and in all probability the March mail will go by Porter Rockwell and others . . ." When President Young was superintendent of Indian affairs, he entrusted William Hickman to deliver gifts of food and clothing to the Indians. In the later fifties he was a United States Deputy Marshal and was known as a fearless man and "quick on the draw." Owner of a ranch in western Utah "Bill" Hickman became a dealer in thoroughbred horses. He was probably one of the best known agents, oft-times acting as peacemaker between the Indians and the white people; yet, there were times when he felt justified in fighting against them for the safety of the settlements. For a time he served as a bodyguard to President Young and it is said that Young blessed him and "hoped that he might be able to protect the Saints from the Indians and outlaws."

It is very likely that a man so trained and fearless would be a Pony Express rider, and according to our records and the belief that has been handed down through the years, "Bill" Hickman rode the Pony Express.

THE HUNTINGTON BROTHERS

In the original writings of William Egan, son of Howard Egan, he notes that Lot Huntington was a Pony Express rider whom he remembered well. Most writers include the name of "Let" Huntington. Descendants of Clark Allen Huntington also named him as one who was hired by Howard Egan as a Pony Express rider. It is our belief that both of these men were connected with the Pony Express. The following information was supplied by Eva C. Johnson, granddaughter of Oliver B. Huntington:

Lot E. Huntington was born April 29, 1934 in Watertown, New York, a son of Dimick and Fannie Allen Huntington. His father was a member of the Mormon Battalion and Lot, with his sisters Martha, Zina and Betsy accompanied him on that famous trek. Lot was thirteen years of age when he arrived in Salt Lake Valley July 29, 1847. Dimick Huntington was best known among the early settlers of Utah as an Indian interpreter. It is said that he took his sons Lot and Clark with him when he answered the call of the authorities to go

PONY EXPRESS RIDERS

Alcott, Jack	Flynn, Thomas	Moore, James
Avis, Henry	Frye, Johnny	Montgomery, Maze
Ball, S. W.	Fuller, Abram	Murphy, Jeremiah
Banks, James	Gardner, George	Perkins, Wash
Baughn, Jim	Gentry, James	Pridham, William
Baughn, Melville	Gilson, James	Rand, Theodore
Beatley, James	Gilson, Samuel	Randall, James
Becker, Charles	Gould, Frank	Ranahan, Thomas
Boulton, William	Hall, Martin	Reynolds, Charles
Brandenburger, John	Hamilton, Samuel	Reynolds, Thomas
Brink, James W.	Hamilton, William	Richardson, William
Brown, Hugh	Haslam, Robert	Riles, Bart
Bucklin, James	Hawkins, Theodore	Rising, Donald C.
Burnett, John	Helvey, Frank	Roff, Harvey
Campbell, William	Hickman, Bill	Rush, Edward
Carlyle, Alexander	Higginbotham, Chas.	Sangiovanni, G. G.
Carr, William	Hogan, Martin	Seerbeck, John
Carrigan, William	Huntington, Clark	Serish, Joseph
Cates, William	Huntington, Lot	Sinclair, John
Clark, James	James, William	Spurr, George
Cleve, Richard	Jay, David R.	Streeper, William
Cliff, Charles	Jobe, Samuel	Strickland, Robert
Cliff, Gustavas	Jones, William	Strohm, William
Cody, William	Keetley, J. H.	Suggett, John
Crawford, Jack	Kelly, Jay	Tate, William
Cumbo, James	Kelley, Mike	Thatcher, George
Dean, Louis	King, Thos. O.	Thompson, Charles
Dennis, William	Koerner, John P.	Thompson, James
Dobson, Thomas	Leonard, George	Topance, Alexander
Donovan, Joseph	Little, G. Edwin	Tough, W. S.
Dorrington, W. E.	Littleton, Tough	Towne, George
Down, Calvin	Macaulas, Sye	Tuckett, Henry
Drumbheller, Daniel	Maxfield, Elijah	Upson, Warren
Dunlap, James	Martin, Robert	Wallace, Henry
Egan, Howard	McCain, Emmett	Westcott, Daniel
Egan, Howard Ranson	McCall, J. G.	Whelan, Michael
Egan, Richard R.	McDonald, James	Willis, H. C.
Ellis, J. K.	McNamey, Pat	Wilson, Nicholas
Faust, H. J.	McNaughton, James	Wintle, Joseph
Fisher, John	McNaughton, William	Worley, Henry
Fisher, William	Miller, Charles	Zowgaltz, Jose

WILLIAM CAMPBELL

After his last ride with the Pony Express William Campbell turned to other occupations. He and his brother were well known in Salt Lake City as freighters. They secured contracts to haul merchandise from various points sometimes making as high as three trips in one season. Evidently it was not a paying proposition, for they sold their complete outfit within a few years and took a contract for grading along the line of the Union Pacific railroad, working on canals, and selling mules to the government. In 1869 Mr. Campbell went to Nebraska City, Nebraska where he became an important man in civic affairs. He later was elected State Senator. One of his

most precious possessions was the Bible given to all Pony Express riders by Russell, Majors & Waddell. He was offered \$300.00 for it but refused to part with this memento of his Pony Express days.

William Campbell was born in Illinois in 1842, and started his career as a man of the plains when he was sixteen. During the first years of the Express his height and weight barred him from becoming a rider, but later he was engaged and rode between Fort Kearney and Fort McPherson. In relating these experiences he said: "It was not until December, 1860 that I had an opportunity to ride. The boys were dropping out fast—some of them could not stand the strain of constant riding. It was not so bad in summer but when winter came on the job was almost too much for me. The men who bought the horses knew their business. Sometimes we used to say that the company bought every mean, bucking, kicking horse that could be found. My prize horse was named 'Ragged Jim.'

"My first ride was in a heavy snowstorm and it pretty nearly used me up. The hardest ride I ever made was when I had to spend 24 hours in the saddle carrying mail 120 miles to Fairfield, twenty miles beyond my regular station at Fort Kearney. The snow was two to three feet deep along the flat and the temperature down to zero."

In later years Mr. Campbell moved to Stockton, California where he passed away May 23, 1934.

THOMAS DOBSON

Possessed of unusual courage Thomas Dobson proved exceedingly valuable during the early days of the territory because of his knowledge of Indian habits. He was made a captain during the Indian wars and the men under him served with such distinction that they received official commendation from the federal government for their efficiency in guarding the mails.

Mr. Dobson was born in Preston, Lancashire, England, June 14, 1837 and was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when he was eight years of age, the baptismal ceremony being performed by Elder Orson Hyde. Emigrating to America he crossed the plains to Utah in the *Edward Martin* handcart company, walking barefooted from the Sweetwater in Wyoming to Salt Lake City.

In the spring of 1860, he entered the employ of the western mail line under Major Egan and rode in the Pony Express between Ruby Valley, Nevada and Deep Creek, Tooele county, Utah. Often he was obliged to make the return trip without rest. At one time he was followed by a small band of Indians, but he finally eluded them and delivered the mail in a nearly exhausted condition. The hostility of the Indians along the mail route was so pronounced at times that soldiers from Camp Floyd were sent to escort the mail through. Captain Dobson afterward related that on one of these runs he passed *James Cumbo* going in the opposite direction. Some

Indians often came into the valley and disturbed and stole horses and cattle from the settlers. In the summer of 1866 I had a nice pair of colts stolen and I felt the loss greatly. In 1862, I was called with others to go back across the plains and help bring emigrants across the plains to Utah. This I did and experienced many difficulties. I was married to Margaret Williamson on February 2, 1864 at Wellsville. We had a family of ten children."

—Margaret Hall Maughan

WILLIAM A. HICKMAN

Many historians name "Bill" Hickman as a Pony Express rider. He was born April 16, 1815 in Warren County, Kentucky and died August 21, 1883 in Lander, Wyoming. He was the son of Edwin and Elizabeth Adams Hickman. As early as 1839 he was active in the Mormon Church, where, on May 6th of that year, he was received into the Seventies quorum in Quincy, Illinois. Mr. Hickman followed the Church to Nauvoo, Illinois where history tells of his love and devotion to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

After his arrival in Utah in 1849 he was called by Brigham Young to go to Fort Bridger and later to Green River to meet the companies of Saints and bring them on into the Valley. George Goodhart of Soda Springs said of him: "The first time I ever met William Hickman he, Porter Rockwell, and Lot Smith were camped on the Green River and at that time I was a boy working for the American Fur company. I was sent with a message to some of the trappers some distance away. Not finding them at night, I came across some gentle horses. I got down and examined the hobbles and could tell they belonged to white men. I got on my horse again and could see a fire a short distance away. I rode on the bluff above and could see three men by the fire. I called 'Hello, white men's friend,' and they answered and told me to come around and camp with them. One piloted me into camp. He took my horse and put it with theirs. They had a kettle of venison on the fire, the finest I ever ate. After supper I told them how glad I was not to have come across any of those d—— Mormons. They asked me why. I told them that the Mormons killed people on sight, murdered the emigrants and that I was more afraid of them than of the Indians. Port and Lot slept together. I slept with Hickman. Next morning one of them gathered the horses, and at breakfast I told them everything bad I had ever heard about the Mormons, and how I hoped I would not come across any of them. I told them some of the Mormons had been seen in the vicinity. After breakfast I saddled my horse. One of the men tied a good lunch on the saddle. After I was on my horse, Hickman said to me, 'How have we treated you?' I told him fine, I could not have been treated better, and I also told him how pleased I was that I had found them. Then he said, 'Tell your company we treated you to the best we had, and we are Mormons, and that we are Port Rockwell, Lot Smith and Bill Hickman.' I never

led for my horse she said, 'You can't get through this storm till it clears.' 'The mail's got to get through,' I said, and the pony and struck out, as I thought, for Salt Lake. But luck would have it I wound up about an hour later in front of a gulch filled with snow. I had got this time up into the corner of Utah Valley, near the little town of Alpine, off eight miles. Looking across the gulch I caught sight of a light dim through the snow. So I left my horse and plunged down the gulch and finally made it up the bank of the cabin. When I opened the door I told them of my fix. The man went round my horse while I sat there thawing out again. By the time the storm had cleared some . . . it was colder than ice. I could see my way now so I didn't mind. It wasn't long till I reached Lockwell's station by the Point of the Mountain. They gave me a fresh horse and I struck out for Salt Lake on the jump and made it home."

William Frederick Fisher was married to Millenium January 1, 1861 in Salt Lake City. Two years later they came home in Bountiful, Utah and from there went to Richmond where they resided fourteen years. In 1876, they moved to Idaho. William's second wife was Harriet Hogan who bore him other of four children. William and Millenium were the parents of even.

In 1871, Mr. Fisher performed a mission for the Church of Christ of Latter-day Saints and, following his return, was called as bishop in August, 1876, presiding over the Oxford Ward for three years. He spoke the Bannock and Shoshone language fluently as known to the Indians as "Tosowich." They considered him one of their most trusted friends. September 30, 1919 brought to an end the life of one of the most colorful personalities of the Pony Express era.

JOHN FISHER

Woolwich, County of Kent, England was the birthplace of John Fisher, third son of Thomas Frederick and Jane Cristie. He was born February 7, 1842. Mr. Fisher was a carpenter by trade having worked in the dockyards on the Thames for twenty-one years. He also served as president of the Young Men's branch of the church in that locality. It was soon after his twelfth birthday that the family consisting of the parents, two sons and two daughters left Liverpool bound for America. They landed in New Orleans and from there the Fisher family sailed up the Mississippi River to St. Louis, Missouri; thence by rail to Salt Lake City where they purchased wagons, oxtteams and provisions for their journey across the plains to Utah. They arrived in Salt Lake City on October 28, 1854 in the *Robert Campbell company*.

John Fisher's first few years in Utah were spent working during the summers and hauling wood from the

in Price, Utah where he owned a freight depot, a ranch near Salina Canyon and for a time served as deputy United States marshal. In 1890, he, and his eldest son, James J. Gilson located the famous Buethom Silver mine near Fish Springs. Later he became interested in aeronautics. The Gilsons were the parents of twelve children.

James Gilson was one of the Utah boys hired as a Pony Express rider. He later became associated with his brother, Samuel Gilson, in the mining of gilsonite in Duchesne county.

—Irene Branch Keller

PARLEY HALL

"I was born 17 March 1841 in the Bridson Building in Liverpool England and came to the United States with my parents on the ship *Fanny* leaving that port January 23, 1844. We arrived in the Valley in October 1851 and there we lived until the spring of 1860. At this time the family went to Wellsville and I left Salt Lake accompanying the C. A. Huntington family as far west as Willow Springs. Here I remained for a week waiting for the Wheeler Brothers with whom I was going to California. Just at this time the Pony Express started between St. Joseph, Missouri and Sacramento, California. The Indians were very hostile toward the riders. A sixteen year old boy had been hired to ride from Willow Springs to Dugway Station. This was 48 miles out in the desert. One stormy night the boy's heart failed and I offered to take the express—which I did. Next morning Major Howard Egan hired me to ride the Pony Express.

"When I first became acquainted with 'Nick' Wilson he was driving an oxteam from Grantsville to Deep Creek hauling lumber for Harrison Levere who owned a ranch at Deep Creek. Later on I became well acquainted with him. I remember Tom Dobson worked for N. A. Shuman who came out on the line selling goods to the men working along the mail line.

"I remember the day Jesse Earl was killed. It happened just after a group of four left Willow Springs. Major Early and Jesse Earl were riding in a white top buggy and Jason Luce and Jim Cliff were on horseback riding behind as they were approaching Deep Creek Canyon. Jim Cliff was fooling with his revolver—it went off killing Jesse Earl almost immediately. Cliff said it was an accident but we never believed it . . .

"The station keeper 'Doc' H. J. Faust of Rush Valley went to Fillmore and recovered several ponies for the people and brought them back to the station. These horses were badly used up and were of no great value to us.

"I could go on writing reminiscences of my own experiences and those of other men, but enough has been written to show that times were not altogether a pleasure but instead they were quite exciting and at times we had many things to talk and think about. I came home to Wellsville in the fall of 1861. The people at home were living in a fort as a means of protection against the Indians. The

lurking Indians spied them and started in pursuit. Luckily, they were armed with pistols while the Indians had only bows and arrows, but they were able to make it dangerous for the boys, and sometimes they said they could actually feel the breeze from the flying shafts over their heads.

In the summer of 1861 Captain Dobson was transferred to the eastern road running between Salt Lake and Pacific Springs, Wyoming. He remained with the company carrying mail until 1862 when he drove a mule team to Los Angeles for George Crismon. This trip was fraught with such dangers and hardships that it effectually cured his appetite for anymore such experiences.

In 1866, he went to Coalville where he was made Captain of Company No. 4 in the Utah Militia, but on account of actions of the acting-governor of the territory, Thomas never received his commission. During the Indian outbreak in Sanpete county he led his company through the countryside and succeeded in heading off several bands of raiding redskins. In 1868, he served as constable in the little town of Echo. Called to perform a mission to England in 1871, he rendered faithful service for a year and then returned home. The later years of his life were spent as a night watchman on the old Godbe block between First South and Second South in Salt Lake City which duties he faithfully discharged for thirty years.

Captain Dobson was married to Katherine Beatty in 1862. They had no children. In 1881, his friend, Andrew Quigley, died from the effects of a wound received from an Indian while laboring in the Salmon River mission some years before. Just prior to his death he took his daughter, Addie, to the home of Thomas Dobson and asked him to care for her as her mother had previously passed away. He also adopted a boy who was known as Henry Dobson, and no father could have loved these children more.

This highly respected and widely known pioneer passed away in his eightieth year at his home in Salt Lake City in October, 1917.

—Addie Quigley Williams

HOWARD RANSON EGAN

Howard Ranson Egan in his later years compiled and wrote the interesting book *Pioneering of the West*. It was through his untiring efforts that the story of Major Howard Egan, his sons, and other western scouts was made accessible to historians of today. He was born April 12, 1840 in Salem, Massachusetts, the eldest son of Major Howard Egan and Tamson Parshley. He well remembered the Mormon exodus, and life in Winter Quarters where his father had established the family after being driven from Nauvoo, Illinois. He remembered vividly another occasion, during his seventh year, when he was playing with Levi Green peeling bark from a slippery elm log. An argument arose as to how long each boy should have the hatchet

and, in some way two fingers of Howard's right hand were severed. One finger was completely severed, but the other still had a small piece of skin where screaming to the house his mother to put it but did the best she could splint and bandage. When wrapping was removed were surprised to find finger had grown together but it was partly twisted and even in later years him considerable pain.



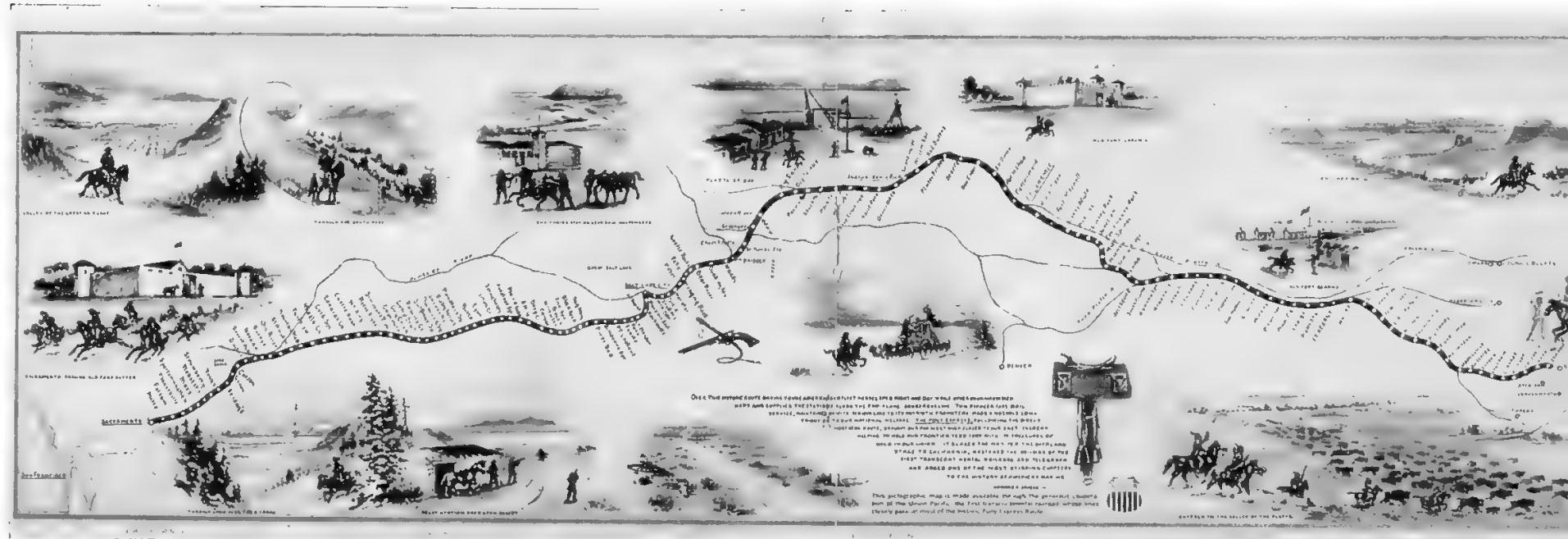
Howard Ranson Egan

On May 24, 1848 they commenced the journey. When they arrived at Elgin, Major Egan was assisted with repairs on the wagon of Heber C. Kimball, subsequently Tamson's wagon, pulled by two oxen and a yoke of cattle through the canyon. They arrived at their future home in September.

Howard R. had a great love for beauty. He recalled that a large boulder in a ravine below Ensign Peak, was painted the figure of a broad-shouldered man dressed in Indian fashion with feathers on his head and a long spear in one hand, the other held the bridle reins. Back of this figure was painted a band of Indians, all on horses, and appearing some distance. The painting was perfect and evidently taken from life. A landmark which he always thought should have been preserved.

About the year 1856 his father, Major Egan, set out on a route for the mail line to California. Howard Ranson, then a young man, years of age, drove the first mail coach from Salt Lake City to California. One of his feet was very much deformed from being in the shoes necessary for him to wear specially made shoes. (The shoes worn by him are on exhibit in the Pioneer Memorial Museum.) Never once in all his writings did he complain because of the pain in his foot and he assumed the same responsibility as the other men.

One morning, in 1857, Howard R. awoke to find a heavy



In telling of his experiences as a rider "Ras" Egan said: "At first the ride seemed long and tiresome but after becoming accustomed to that kind of riding it seemed only play, but there were times when it didn't seem so very playful. For instance, I was married January 1st, 1861, and of course, wanted a short furlough, but was only permitted to substitute a rider for one trip, and the poor fellow thought that was plenty. I had warned him about the horse he would start with from 'Rush' on his return trip, telling him that he would either back or fall over backwards when he got on him. 'Oh,' said he, 'I am used to that kind of business.' 'But,' said I, 'Bucking Bally' is a whole team, and a horse to let, and a little dog under the wagon, be careful.' So as a precaution, after he had tightened the saddle, he led him out about a quarter of a mile from the station and got on; when the horse, true to his habit, got busy, and the next thing the rider knew he was hanging by the back of his overcoat on a high stake with his feet about five feet from the ground. He could not reach behind to unhitch himself. He could not unbutton his coat so as to crawl out of it, but he could get his hands in his pocket for his knife to cut the buttons off and release himself; after which a search was made for the horse in the darkness of the night. He

finally found him and made the trip, getting 'a black eye' for loss of time. He said to the boys, 'No more 'Bucking Bally' for me'."

Young Egan had many harrowing experiences while engaged in his work. He also had several skirmishes with the Indians during the Pah-ute depredations in 1860. At one time he came upon a stagecoach that had been held up and all the passengers killed and the horse stolen. As Egan pounded along the trail one of the raiders appeared armed with a rifle and bow and arrows and set out after him. At first "Ras" rode just fast enough to keep out of gunshot range; then suddenly he turned and charged straight at the Indian who turned and fled. Another time his horse fell on him while he was crossing a bridge at night and he was thrown into the icy water, breaking the neck of the pony. "Ras" was compelled to walk five miles carrying the saddle and heavy express material back to the station where he could obtain another horse.

Mr. Egan married Mary Minnie Fisher January 1, 1861, just nine months from the day he took his first ride out from Salt Lake City. During the twenty-seven years of their married life they became the parents of thirteen children. They lived in Salt Lake City until after the birth of their first child in 1863, then "Ras" moved his

in Price, Utah where he owned a freight depot, a ranch near Salina Canyon and for a time served as deputy United States marshal. In 1890, he, and his eldest son, James J. Gilson located the famous Buethom Silver mine near Fish Springs. Later he became interested in aeronautics. The Gilsens were the parents of twelve children.

James Gilson was one of the Utah boys hired as a Pony Express rider. He later became associated with his brother, Samuel Gilson, in the mining of gilsonite in Duchesne county.

—*Irene Branch Keller*

PARLEY HALL

"I was born 17 March 1841 in the Bridson Building in Liverpool England and came to the United States with my parents on the ship *Fanny* leaving that port January 23, 1844. We arrived in the Valley in October 1851 and there we lived until the spring of 1860. At this time the family went to Wellsville and I left Salt Lake accompanying the C. A. Huntington family as far west as Willow Springs. Here I remained for a week waiting for the Wheeler Brothers with whom I was going to California. Just at this time the Pony Express started between St. Joseph, Missouri and Sacramento, California. The Indians were very hostile toward the riders. A sixteen year old boy had been hired to ride from Willow Springs to Dugway Station. This was 48 miles out in the desert. One stormy night the boy's heart failed and I offered to take the express—which I did. Next morning Major Howard Egan hired me to ride the Pony Express.

"When I first became acquainted with "Nick" Wilson he was driving an oxteam from Grantsville to Deep Creek hauling lumber for Harrison Levere who owned a ranch at Deep Creek. Later on I became well acquainted with him. I remember Tom Dobson worked for N. A. Shuman who came out on the line selling goods to the men working along the mail line.

"I remember the day Jesse Earl was killed. It happened just after a group of four left Willow Springs. Major Early and Jesse Earl were riding in a white top buggy and Jason Luce and Jim Cliff were on horseback riding behind as they were approaching Deep Creek Canyon. Jim Cliff was fooling with his revolver—it went off killing Jesse Earl almost immediately. Cliff said it was an accident but we never believed it . . .

"The station keeper "Doc" H. J. Faust of Rush Valley went to Fillmore and recovered several ponies for the people and brought them back to the station. These horses were badly used up and were of no great value to us.

"I could go on writing reminiscences of my own experiences and those of other men, but enough has been written to show that times were not altogether a pleasure but instead they were quite exciting and at times we had many things to talk and think about. I came home to Wellsville in the fall of 1861. The people at home were living in a fort as a means of protection against the Indians. The

lurking Indians spied them and started in pursuit. Luckily, they were armed with pistols while the Indians had only bows and arrows, but they were able to make it dangerous for the boys, and sometimes they said they could actually feel the breeze from the flying shafts over their heads.

In the summer of 1861 Captain Dobson was transferred to the eastern road running between Salt Lake and Pacific Springs, Wyoming. He remained with the company carrying mail until 1862 when he drove a mule team to Los Angeles for George Crismon. This trip was fraught with such dangers and hardships that it effectually cured his appetite for anymore such experiences.

In 1866, he went to Coalville where he was made Captain of Company No. 4 in the Utah Militia, but on account of actions of the acting-governor of the territory, Thomas never received his commission. During the Indian outbreak in Sanpete county he led his company through the countryside and succeeded in heading off several bands of raiding redskins. In 1868, he served as constable in the little town of Echo. Called to perform a mission to England in 1871, he rendered faithful service for a year and then returned home. The later years of his life were spent as a night watchman on the old Godbe block between First South and Second South in Salt Lake City which duties he faithfully discharged for thirty years.

Captain Dobson was married to Katherine Beatty in 1862. They had no children. In 1881, his friend, Andrew Quigley, died from the effects of a wound received from an Indian while laboring in the Salmon River mission some years before. Just prior to his death he took his daughter, Addie, to the home of Thomas Dobson and asked him to care for her as her mother had previously passed away. He also adopted a boy who was known as Henry Dobson, and no father could have loved these children more.

This highly respected and widely known pioneer passed away in his eightieth year at his home in Salt Lake City in October, 1917.

—*Addie Quigley Williams*

HOWARD RANSON EGAN

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On May 24, 1848 the family commenced the journey to Utah. When they arrived at Echo Canyon, Major Egan was called to assist with repairs on the wagon of Heber C. Kimball, and consequently Tamson drove the wagon, pulled by two yoke of oxen and a yoke of cows down the canyon. They arrived at the site of their future home in September.

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One morning, in 1857, Howard R. awoke to find a heavy snow-storm, but, he and two other companions, having learned of some dead and dying cattle west of Jordan, determined to go there and procure the hides which they could sell for much needed leather. The boys started out with sleds and ropes, and after several hours of numbing cold and hard labor each boy had secured a hide. The next day they

during the winters. Before he was seventeen, John left his home to "seek his fortune" by obtaining employment from Major Howard Egan carrying mail as a Pony Express rider west of Salt Lake City. Later he drove a stage from Utah to California.

On August 15, 1863, John Fisher married Josephine Rosetta Lyon. They made their home in Bountiful for nineteen years then moved to East Bountiful where they resided the remainder of their lives. Seven sons and three daughters were born to them in West Bountiful. On April 11, 1878, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, John married Harriet Knighton, who was the mother of nine sons and two daughters.

Mr. Fisher's major occupation was farming and stock raising. He owned a fourth section of land in Ruby Valley, Nevada, a 200-acre dry land farm in north Davis County, besides his farms of over 100 acres in Bountiful. He also engaged in general merchandising, having been one of the organizers of the People's Opera House and Mercantile Company of Bountiful in 1892, and its president and manager for a number of years. He was actively engaged in both religious and civic duties. When the Bountiful Ward was first divided into three wards, Williams S. Muir was made bishop and John Fisher first counselor, which position he filled with credit until he moved his family into the East Ward in October 1882. He was a member of the first Y.M.M.I.A. organized in Bountiful in the fall of 1887. He also served as Justice of the Peace, County Commissioner, Judge of the County Probate Court and, in 1878, was elected to the Territorial Legislature from Davis County and re-elected in 1880. In 1898 he was again elected to a seat in the Legislature. Mr. Fisher served two terms as mayor of Bountiful encouraging cultural activities and civic pride. His busy life came to a close October 23, 1905.

—Gladys Brimhall

SAMUEL HENRY GILSON

Samuel Henry Gilson was born in Plainsfield, Illinois, May 28, 1836. When he was fifteen years of age he journeyed westward and while living in Austin, Nevada married Alice Larkin Richardson. He later moved to Gilson Valley in White Pine county, Nevada where he engaged in cattle raising. During the days of the Pony Express activities he became one of its daring riders. After this era in Utah's history was over he became interested in prospecting and was especially intrigued with veins of brilliant black substance found on the Uintah reservation located in the south and west parts of Duchesne county. At first this substance was thought by the settlers to be a variety of coal, but when it burned it gave off dense clouds of black smoke with a peculiar odor, and instead of reducing to ashes, the material melted. Because of the part played by the Gilson brothers in the mining of this product it was called "gilsonite." It is used in industrial work such as water proofing materials, paints and varnishes and asphalt. Samuel made his home

called for my horse she said, 'You can't get through this storm, better wait till it clears.' 'The mail's got to get through,' I said, and jumped on the pony and struck out, as I thought, for Salt Lake. But as bad luck would have it I wound up about an hour later in front of a deep gulch filled with snow. I had got this time up into the northeast corner of Utah Valley, near the little town of Alpine, off my trail eight miles. Looking across the gulch I caught sight of a light shining dim through the snow. So I left my horse and plunged down into the gulch and finally made it up the bank of the cabin. When they opened the door I told them of my fix. The man went round and got my horse while I sat there thawing out again. By the time he came back the storm had cleared some . . . it was colder than icicles but I could see my way now so I didn't mind. It wasn't long till I reached Rockwell's station by the Point of the Mountain. They gave me a fresh horse and I struck out for Salt Lake on the jump and finally made it home."

William Frederick Fisher was married to Millenium Andrus January 1, 1861 in Salt Lake City. Two years later they established a home in Bountiful, Utah and from there went to Richmond, Utah where they resided fourteen years. In 1876, they moved to Oxford, Idaho. William's second wife was Harriet Hogan who became the mother of four children. William and Millenium were the parents of eleven.

In 1871, Mr. Fisher performed a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and, following his return, was ordained a bishop in August, 1876, presiding over the Oxford Ward for many years. He spoke the Bannock and Shoshone language fluently and was known to the Indians as "Tosowich." They considered him one of their most trusted friends. September 30, 1919 brought to a close the life of one of the most colorful personalities of the Pony Express era.

JOHN FISHER

Woolwich, County of Kent, England was the birthplace of John Fisher, third son of Thomas Frederick and Jane Criston Fisher. He was born February 7, 1842. Mr. Fisher was a carpenter and painter by trade having worked in the dockyards on the Thames River for twenty-one years. He also served as president of the Latter-day Saint branch of the church in that locality. It was soon after John's twelfth birthday that the family consisting of the parents, three sons and two daughters left Liverpool bound for America. The company landed in New Orleans and from there the Fisher family went by boat up the Mississippi River to St. Louis, Missouri; thence to Kansas City where they purchased wagons, oxtteams and provisions for the long journey across the plains to Utah. They arrived in Salt Lake City October 28, 1854 in the *Robert Campbell company*.

John Fisher's first few years in Utah were spent doing farm work during the summers and hauling wood from the canyons

went again and for each hide they received \$3.00 which they considered big wages. From his own writings concerning the days of the Pony Express we quote:

"I was at Rush Valley (H. J. Faust station keeper). This was the end of the first express ride from Salt Lake City. The next ride was from here to Willow Springs across the desert. The stations at this time were only half as many as there were later, being some twenty-five or thirty miles apart and at some places more than that. Soon the express came in from the east, the next rider was not well and was afraid he could not stand the ride. I volunteered to go in his place, and arrived at Simpson Springs at the edge of the desert all right.

"From here the road runs in a southwesterly direction seven miles to River Bed, then keeping the same direction, to the Dugway; then over the mountains, taking more turns to the salt wells; then west around the point of the mountains where the road ran nearly west across the worst part of the desert. Nothing but mud grows there and that seems to grow taller the more you sink in it and the harder it is to get out. It then goes north past Fish Springs around the point of the mountain and back to the south, about opposite Fish Springs to where Boyd Station was afterwards built. From here the road ran in a westerly straight line to the Willow Springs station, thus making a large semi-circle, the points of which were many miles closer together straight across than by the road.

"After leaving Simpson's about three miles I thought (as I had many times thought before) it was a shame we had to go so many miles around to get a little ways to the west. At any rate, boy fashion, I left the road and took a straight line to Willow Springs. The first half of the distance I was able to make very good time, then the desert began to get softer as I went, 'till finally about one inch of water was standing all over the surface as far as I could see in any direction. The pony sank to his fetlocks in the mud—that made it slow traveling.

"After about five miles of this kind, I came to a little higher ground where I could make better time. In looking back, I could see the little knobs of mud sticking up above the water. It seemed to me that I could see them for miles. Well, I made Willow Springs all right and had saved a good many hours' time. I expected to get considerable praise for this exploit—but nix. The next time I saw Father he asked me what kind of traveling I found it to be across the way I took with that express. After telling him he said, 'Well, don't ever do anything like that again without orders.' That was all and plenty."

Howard Ranson then relates another experience when he rode the 'Pony': "The Express rider at Shell Creek was too sick to undertake the ride and I volunteered to take his place. The ride at that time was from Shell to Butte, there being no station in Egan Canyon at

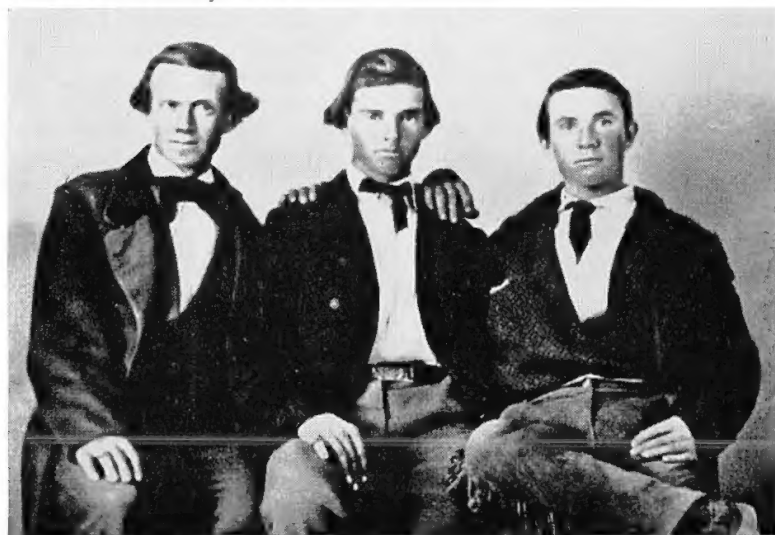
that time. Therefore, the one pony had to go about thirty-two miles fourteen of them being through Egan Canyon. I started just after dark and made pretty good time being careful not to overdo the pony, giving him frequent breathing spells, at which time I would let him go on the walk and was doing so when I was about in the middle of Egan Canyon and just before turning a sharp point ahead, I could see the next turn of that, and on the side of the hill towards me the light of a camp fire was shining. These two turns were about seventy-five or a hundred feet apart, but the curve of the creek between the points made it seem further. As it did not run close to the side, it left quite a large flat which was smooth and level. In going very carefully along and keeping a sharp lookout for a sentinel, I reached the point where I could see the camp. They (Indians) were on both sides of the road and about in the center of the bend. Well, I had to make up my mind very quickly as to what to do. Should I turn back and go north to another canyon about six or eight miles where there might be another party of Indians—if they had planned to catch the Express rider.

"I soon decided to go straight, so taking my pistol in my hand, I rode on as close as I dared, then striking in the spurs and giving an awful yell, a few jumps of the pony brought me to the middle of the camp, when my gun began to talk, though pointed in the air, and my yells accompanied each shot. I got a glimpse of several Indians who were doing their best to make themselves scarce, not knowing but there might be a large party of whites after them. When I made the next turn I was out in a little valley at the head of Egan Canyon. Three days later I came back through the canyon with a companion. We saw where they had had the road but I did not see one that night and don't know how I passed it.

"Later I got it from some friendly Indians that there had been a trap set to catch an Express rider for the purpose of seeing what he carried to make him travel so fast. They had placed a party in each canyon used when suspicious of the other. They had planned it pretty good but it did not work and they never tried it again there, but if I had turned back and tried the other canyon, probably there would have been one 'Express' lost."

Howard Ranson's first experience at farming was a place he selected about twenty miles from Ruby Valley where his father had a station and a supply store. He built a log house and did some plowing, endeavoring to get it ready for fall planting, when he received word from his father that he had better pull up stakes because the Indians were preparing to attack. He left the farm and went to Deep Creek. Amanda Andrus became his wife in 1864. In 1870 Howard R. went to Richmond, Utah where he owned and operated sawmills and farmed. He was stricken with pneumonia and died at his home in Richmond March 17, 1916.

of soldiers under Lt. Weeks and Perkins were sent from Camp Floyd to Ruby Valley. The Indians under Chiefs Leather Head, Pocatello and Winnemucca finally sued for peace. This cost the Express company \$75,000 and nearly drove it out of business.



Wm. Fisher

John Fisher

John Hancock

"In November, 1860 I carried the Presidential election returns west over 75 miles in four hours and five minutes, using 5 horses. Extra horses were put on to make this fast ride. The news was carried 1966 miles from St. Joe, Missouri to Sacramento in less than eight days, the fastest time ever made by the Pony Express . . . On January 22, 1861, I was lost for 20 hours in a blinding blizzard. I found myself off the trail up on the hills among the cedar trees. I didn't know where I was, so I just got off my horse and sat down to rest by a thick tree which partly sheltered me from the driving snow. As I sat there holding the reins I began to get drowsy. The snow bank looked like a feather bed, I guess, and I was just about to topple over on it when something jumped on to my legs and scared me. I looked up in time to see a jack rabbit hopping away through the snow. I realized then what was happening to me. If that rabbit hadn't brought me back to my senses I should have frozen right there. I jumped up and began to beat the blood back into my numbed arms and legs. Then I got back on my horse and turned the matter over to him. He wound his way of the cedars and after about an hour I found myself on the banks of the Jordan River. I knew now where I was so I followed the stream until I came to the bridge that led across to the town of Lehi. When I got there I was nearly frozen to death, but the good woman at the farm house I struck first, filled me with hot coffee and something to eat and I soon felt better. When I

family to Ruby Valley and became a rancher. Shortly after he was called on a mission to England where he served as president of the Birmingham Conference. He brought his wife and three children back to Bountiful to live with her people, and another child was born while he was in England.

After his return, the Egans rented their home, and went again to Ruby Valley where "Ras" took up farming and stock raising until 1877. Returning to Bountiful he engaged in sheep raising being instrumental in organizing the Bountiful Livestock Company. For two terms he served as Justice of the Peace of Bountiful, and, in 1889, was made Assessor and Collector for Davis County serving ten years in that capacity. He also served two terms on the City Council in Bountiful.

Two years after the death of his wife, Mary Minnie Fisher, he married Mary Beatrice Noble July 10, 1899 in the Logan temple. Mr. Egan was called and set apart as bishop of the South Bountiful Ward in January, 1892, serving in that capacity for thirteen years. In 1895 he was elected a member of the first legislature of Utah and was also a member of the committee who chose the site for the Utah Agricultural College. In 1905, he took his second family, also two married sons and families of the first wife, to the Big Horn Basin in Wyoming to establish homes. Soon after he was set apart as a patriarch which position he maintained until his death April 20, 1918. Interment was in Bountiful, Utah.—*Ora M. Simmons*

WILLIAM FREDERICK FISHER

Among the Latter-day Saints boys who became riders for the Pony Express was William Frederick Fisher. He was born November 16, 1839 in Woolich, Kent County, England, the son of Thomas Frederick and Jane Criston Fisher. His childhood was spent in or near London. When he was fourteen years of age his parents heard and embraced the Mormon gospel, leaving their all to join with the Saints in Zion. They arrived in Utah in late October and almost immediately proceeded to Bountiful where they established their future home.

From April, 1860 to July, 1861 William rode the Pony Express from Ruby Valley to Egan Canyon, Nevada and later from Salt Lake City to Rush Valley, Nevada. His two most famous rides were when he carried the news concerning the election of Abraham Lincoln from Salt Lake City to Rush Valley, a distance of 75 miles in four hours and five minutes, and the ride from Ruby Valley to Salt Lake City bringing news of the Indian uprising in Nevada. From his experiences as a Pony Express rider we quote:

"I took the Express from Ruby Valley, Nevada to Salt Lake City a distance of 300 miles in 34 hours, using six horses and two mules. Several stations were burned on the road and several animals stolen which necessitated my riding so far. I took the news of the Indian outbreak with me the night of July 4, 1860. Two companies

RICHARD ERASTUS EGAN

Richard Erastus (Ras), second son of Howard Egan and Tamson Parshley was born in Salem, Essex County, Massachusetts, March 29, 1842. He was six years of age when he came to Utah with his parents. During the move south in 1858, he was left in charge of his father's home with orders to set it afire should the soldiers enter the city. He gained some experience in handling horses and cattle when he accompanied his father to California on one of his livestock deals.



Richard Erastus Egan

In 1858, "Ras" secured employment from the government as a sub-contractor carrying mail between Brigham City and Salt Lake City. The following year he went with Dr. Forney, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, who had been commissioned to make a treaty with the Shoshone Indians in the Humboldt area. After this treaty was completed young Egan was ordered to return to Utah bringing five head of government mules. This was a long and oftentimes perilous journey of three hundred miles. He was accompanied by one other boy and the only provisions they had were six quarts of flour. This scarcity of food nearly resulted in death for both.

It was about this time "Ras" Egan was put in charge of three six-mule trains freighting and carrying mail from Salt Lake City to Carson City, Nevada. His father had purchased a ranch in Ruby Valley, Nevada and also operated stores there and in Deep Creek. "Ras" hauled the merchandise to stock them. In the spring of 1860, he was hired by his father as a Pony Express rider, his run being between Salt Lake City and Rush Valley a distance of 75 miles west of Salt Lake. He was then in his eighteenth year. The first mail out of Salt Lake City was carried by him on his sorrel mare "Miss Lightning" making the first station, twenty-two miles, in one hour and five minutes. The scheduled time for the seventy-five miles was five and one-half hours, although it was made once in four hours and five minutes when the President's message was going through—called by the boys the "Lightning Express."

